

OCTOBER ISSUE

Disney

MAGAZINE



IN THIS ISSUE

GRIZZLY

• 101 DALMATIANS

• DISNEYLAND

• Story by
DEBBIE REYNOLDS

• CINDERELLA'S
BRAVE MICE

• COMICS
MUTINY aboard the
H.M.S. BOUNTY



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Hello, Again! We're happy to bring you a new copy of **DISNEY MAGAZINE**, which appears each month in participating grocery stores. It's yours free with the purchase of a designated Procter and Gamble Product. We hope you enjoy this month's features, and don't forget to turn to pages 48 and 49 for a preview of next month's exciting **DISNEY MAGAZINE**.

The Editors



DISNEYLAND

Learn the behind-the-scene secrets of keeping Disneyland and Walt Disney World clean and beautiful.

THE LIGHT-FINGERED FIDDLER

The royal jewels have been stolen and all the dogs of London band together to capture the thieves. A great adventure with your canine friends from the Disney film "One Hundred and One Dalmatians."



DEBBIE REYNOLDS A great movie star shares her own story of a humiliating high school experience that became an important lesson in friendship.

GRIZZLY Look behind the scenes and see what it was like for the crew that filmed "King of the Grizzlies," starring Big Ted, a ten-foot, 1300-pound (what else?) grizzly bear.



MUTINY ABOARD THE H.M.S. BOUNTY Mickey Mouse and Goofy meet the treacherous Captain Bligh in a swashbuckling adventure of high-seas hilarity.

Disney MAGAZINE

OCTOBER ISSUE

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THE INVISIBLE MENACE In this startling mystery, Jock and Gus, the brave mice from the movie "Cinderella," find that members of the Royal Palace are disappearing in thin air!

THE SEMINOLES Deep in Florida's Everglades, these Indians pursue an ancient way of life, little changed from that of their great chief, Osceola.



Original Concept by Vincent H. Jeffers

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Grizzly!

Suddenly a giant bear appears and moves slowly across the rocks. The two startled cowboys see him but can't believe their eyes. They bolt for the nearest tree. Growling, the mammoth creature rears up on his hind legs, then settles down on all fours and ferociously sways back and forth.

That action sequence appeared in the Walt Disney nature adventure, "King of the Grizzlies," a story by Ernest Thompson Seton filmed in Canada. The star of the show was a ten-foot tall, 1300-pound almost untrainable bear named Big Ted. To the audience,

Ted appeared enormous and frightening. To the Disney crew, he *was* enormous and frightening. Although he seemed to be more interested in eating and sleeping than in being fierce, he was still a wild animal.

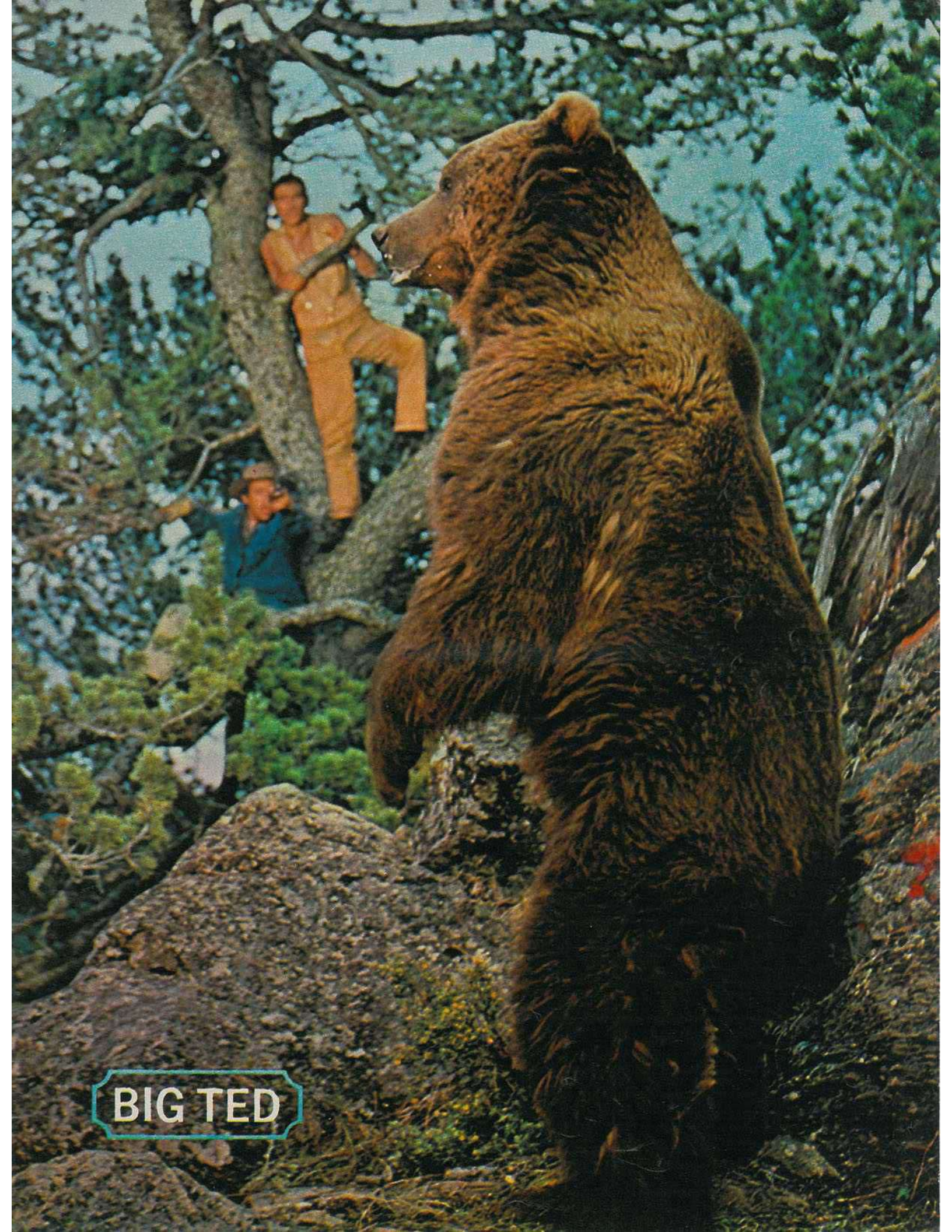
Because Ted could never really be trained, his handlers set up a six-month conditioning course to teach him to react to simple commands. The handlers used patience and understanding — plus lots of candy! The bear had a weakness for sweets, and his attendants took advantage of it. They lured him from the comfort of his traveling enclosure to a particular location site by spreading out a trail of luscious marshmallows.

When he had some big dramatic scenes that called for him to play it fierce, his handler would shout,

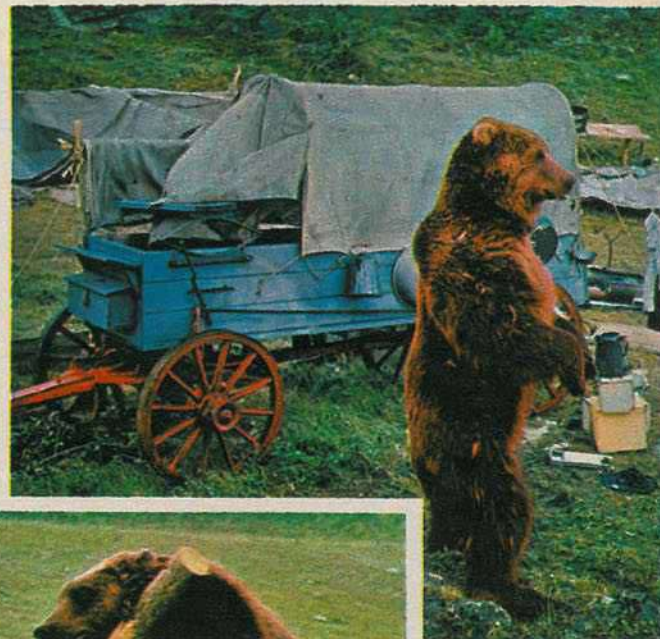
"Up, Ted! Come on, Ted! Stand up!" And if he weren't distracted by a tender root or an unfamiliar hole in the ground, he eventually rose up on his hind legs. But he also expected to be paid off with some extra-special treat — a jelly sandwich, for example — which was quickly tossed to him and just as quickly devoured.

Upon the completion of his bit before the camera, he would lumber back to his compound, lapping up marshmallows all the way. These kept his stomach from rumbling until dinner time and his regular meal: three buckets of dog food.

It took hearty and trusting souls to man the cameras. During the filming Ted was often only a few feet away from actors and crewmen, and one mad charge or a whack from his powerful paw



BIG TED



could have upset any well-planned shooting schedule.

The trainers may have been confident about Big Ted's acting ability, but there were times when the people-actors weren't so sure. Hugh Webster had the unenviable chore of pretending to nap in a field while Big Ted sniffed around him. "The bear had been handled so beautifully," Webster commented later, "I was sure nothing would go wrong. But we had to do the scene over and over again. I began to weaken — I could have used a refresher course in confidence. Before the last take, as I felt his hot breath on my head, I was completely unnerved. I thought, 'This may be it!'"

Two other actors who worked closely with Big Ted were Johnny Yesno, an Ojibway Indian, and Chris Wiggins, a Canadian who was cast to portray the rancher startled by the bear in the rimrocks. Wiggins' reaction to working with Ted, who outweighed him by over half a ton: "I was tense and scared, but once the cameras started turning, the actor came out in me and I concentrated on my part." Later, after completing a harrowing scene: "I really haven't been able to adjust to working this closely to the bear. It's absolutely inconceivable to me, so I try to think of him as a fellow actor in a bear costume. I know it's nonsensical, but it helps."

Putting a bear and a cougar together in a scene could have been quite a problem, but the crew handled it easily. Both had the same trainer, and the cougar, whose name was Sam, had played parts in previous Disney films. The handler would sidle up to him and say, "Hi, Sam," and the cat would roll over on his back like a big tomcat.

Offstage, Big Ted spent his time swinging on a tire or breaking up plywood. From experience, the trainer knew that bears enjoy swinging on anything and that they also like to break up logs. So he rigged a tire swing and gave Ted an ample supply of plywood. Ted also amused himself chasing cows, but continued to chase only if the cow kept moving. Once the cow ran out of breath and stopped, the bear lost interest in the game and quit.

One scene required Big Ted to lift a string of fence posts out of the ground. How did the trainer work this one? He put honey on the posts, and when the bear had





licked them clean, he began lifting the posts looking for more. Eventually, he was lifting the big stakes right on cue.

Another sequence called for Ted to wander into a roundup and start a chuck wagon rolling down a hill. The trainer didn't have enough time to accustom Big Ted to the wagon, and the bear was scared to death of it. He wouldn't even go near it. But he became captivated by a sack which swayed on the side of the wagon, and began pawing and hitting the bag.

In this way the handler got the bear close enough to shoot the necessary footage

The film crew, though all veterans of nature adventure films, all found their exposure to Big Ted to be an educational experience. Winston Hibler, a producer with 20 years of hard-learned experience with animals, knew he faced the toughest problem of

all in simply getting the bear to act.

To supervise the job he called on his top naturalist cameraman, Lloyd Beebe. It was Beebe, with a background of filming jaguars in the steaming jungles of Brazil and caribou in the frozen north, who had the job of transporting Ted to the various location sites on the eastern slope of the Canadian Rockies. When motel owners balked at registering a bear, the trainers and Beebe parked in the wilds. They let the bear sleep in his spacious trailer while the men settled down for the night in sleeping bags.

Terry and Bob Rowland had the job of handling Big Ted, and much of the training was done by Al Niemela, a veteran trainer of bears, cougars, wolves and coyotes.

Perhaps Big Ted knew that he had become a movie star, for he proved to be an uncomplicated and untemperamental subject to work with, still, the Disney crew never took unnecessary chances with him. They had learned through long experience that the safest way to get along with wild animals, especially those the size and strength of Ted, is to keep on the alert at all times.



Cinderella's Mice and the

When intrepid mouse Jaq and his friend Gus returned from ancient Egypt with a piece of philosopher's stone for Mandor, the court magician, their adventures were only beginning! Something strange was going on at Cinderella's Royal Palace, and it seemed that our hero and his plump friend were destined to solve the mystery. Here is Jaq's account of the events that followed:



Invisible Menace

As a magician, Mandor is a total loss. His love potions give people the hives and his wart cures don't work. He can't even forecast the weather. When he said that he could turn lead into gold if we would get him some of the philosopher's stone from the Temple of Isis in ancient Egypt, we really didn't have high hopes. Considering his record with warts and weather, we doubted he could do it. So after we had given him the stone, Gus and I simply forgot the whole thing.

Well, you could have knocked me over with a marshmallow the

next day. We went up to Mandor's tower and found Mandor wading around in gold nuggets!

I was speechless. Under most circumstances, Gus isn't bright enough to be speechless. "What you gonna do with it, Mandor?" he asked.

"Do with it?" Mandor echoed. "Well, I...I'll..."

Before he could think of a suitable answer, there was a terrible scream from the courtyard below. We rushed to the window and looked out in time to see the Captain of the Guard stagger in a circle, then fall down in a dead faint.

"Shades of Jupiter!" yelled Mandor. He snatched Gus and me up and ran down the stairs. The Captain of the Guard was coming out of his faint when we reached the courtyard.

"He's gone!" moaned the captain. He was very pale.

"Who's gone?" asked the Keeper of the Royal Coffee Urn, running from the pantry.

"The postman!" The Captain pointed at the drawbridge. "He came and delivered the mail to the Royal Secretary. Then he walked out across the drawbridge. And just on the other side of the moat he disappeared. He was...he was ...he was GONE!" With that, the brave captain began to cry.

We saw the milkmaid then, coming up the road with milk for

the palace kitchen. For some reason everyone in the courtyard stopped and watched. She hurried along, not noticing us. And when she got within a few feet of the moat she stepped into nothingness. It was like watching a person walk through a door into another room. But there was no door and there was no other room. There was only a drawbridge and an empty road.

The chambermaid screamed. The cook went pale. A fuzz-faced young lieutenant drew his saber and charged across the drawbridge. But the instant he set foot on the other side, he vanished too!

I tell you, after that no one tried to cross the drawbridge! An apprentice dishwasher did attempt to get out of the palace through a gate in the north wall, but he disappeared instantly, and the scullery maid who had been watching went into hysterics. So we knew that the "Zone of Disappearance," as the Royal Chamberlain called it, extended all the way around the palace. No one could come in. No one could go out. We were cut off from the rest of the world!

There was food enough on hand. We weren't uncomfortable, but everyone got pretty nervous. The cook snapped at the butler. The butler boxed the footman's ears. The footman fought with the chambermaid.





Poor Mandor! He was the only available magician, and the Chamberlain and the Lord Chancellor seemed to think he should do something about the *invisible menace* beyond the moat. Mandor hadn't the faintest idea what to do. He tried to look wise, and he muttered something about working on a very potent spell.

So there we were for four whole days. Then our cat—our wonderful vegetarian cat—wandered through the courtyard and out across the drawbridge. We chased after him. We didn't want to see him vanish like the postman and

the milkmaid and the others. We needn't have worried. He stopped at the far end of the bridge and crouched, staring at the road.

There were footprints there!

I don't mean old dead footprints left over from last week. These were *new* footprints being made right before our eyes. They appeared in the dust one after another, and we could hear the tread of unseen feet.

We told Mandor. He wasn't much help. He couldn't decide whether an invisible postman or an invisible milkmaid was patrolling the drawbridge.

Again, the cat helped us find the answer. Exploring the kitchen, he fell into a huge bin of flour.

"He looks funny," laughed Gus.

He did look funny. He was white from head to tail.

Suddenly I had one of my most brilliant ideas. My career has been studded with brilliant ideas, but this one was a gem even for me.

Within minutes, every mouse in the palace was called to a meeting in the pink throne room. Mice are naturally clearheaded, and when they heard my plan they saw the logic of it right away.

So we marched out across the court—hundreds of brave mice, each one armed with a small sack of flour. Over the drawbridge we went, to the very edge of the "Zone of Disappearance." Mandor watched from the tower above us.

Soon we heard footsteps. A rosebush on the edge of the moat swayed in the still air. The invisible one was there!

"Now!" I yelled, and every mouse hurled his sack of flour toward the rosebush. The sacks burst in a great white cloud. As the flour settled we saw him, completely covered in white.

The invisible one was a man—a very strange man! He wore a flow-





ing robe and had a crown on his head. I'd never seen a crown like that. He carried a long staff, and when the flour cleared and he realized what had happened, he saw us and pointed the staff at us.

We scurried, helter-skelter, back to the palace and to Mandor's tower, where the old magician was shaken and pale.

"That is a priest of the Temple of Isis, where the philosopher's stone is kept!" groaned Mandor.

"Uh-oh!" I said.

Mandor nodded. "Somehow he has come across the years to get our piece of the stone. There must be some magical condition—I don't know what—that keeps him from entering the palace and taking the stone. But it also keeps us from leaving. I've brought a terrible curse down on us. Oh, what will I do?"

"Give back the stone!" I said. I

mean, even Mandor should have been able to figure this out.

Mandor thought it over. "I guess I'll have to," he agreed. "It was nice to make gold. There isn't another magician today who can do it. But I'll give back the stone."

So Mandor went down to the drawbridge with the philosopher's stone in a little jeweler's box. The members of the court didn't know quite what he was up to. They watched from the parapets as he put the box down at the end of the drawbridge. The lid of the box opened, then closed. And the box slipped into invisibility.

Suddenly it began to rain people. First the postman dropped out of thin air onto the road. Then came the milkmaid, the lieutenant and, finally, the dishwasher. None of them were hurt, but they had no idea where they had been during the last four days.

That was the end of the *invisible menace*. From that day on we could come and go freely at the palace. I'm sorry to say that Mandor's gold turned back into lead. But Mandor didn't care. He hadn't really wanted to be rich. He had simply wanted to be a success. And he was. Because everyone thought he'd been able to drive the menace away by his great magic. Mandor was smart enough not to tell anyone about the philosopher's stone and, until now, so were Gus and I.



RANGER WOODLORE'S NATURE HIKE



"We're off and running!" cried Louie as he led the way across a sunny field. Behind him, Huey and Dewey picked up speed, while Ranger J. Audubon Woodlore brought up the rear.

"Hold it!" called the stout ranger. "Not so fast!"

But his warning ran off the boys' backs like water—until Louie fell flat on his bill.

"Stubbed my toe," he said, looking a little dazed.

"And here's what threw him," said the ranger, pointing to a small hole in the ground. "It was dug by a rabbit."

"Well, dig the hole a rabbit dug!"

laughed Louie, recovered from his fall. "Does a rabbit really live down there?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the ranger. "That's one of Nature's better-built homes. It keeps him warm all winter. It's a good place to raise baby rabbits. And a safe place to hide from enemies."

"I see an enemy now!" squawked Huey and pointed toward the sky. Looking up, Louie and Dewey saw it, too—a hawk slowly circling, high overhead.

"Wow! Talk about a bird's-eye view!" quacked Dewey. "I'll bet he can see any moving creature in this field."

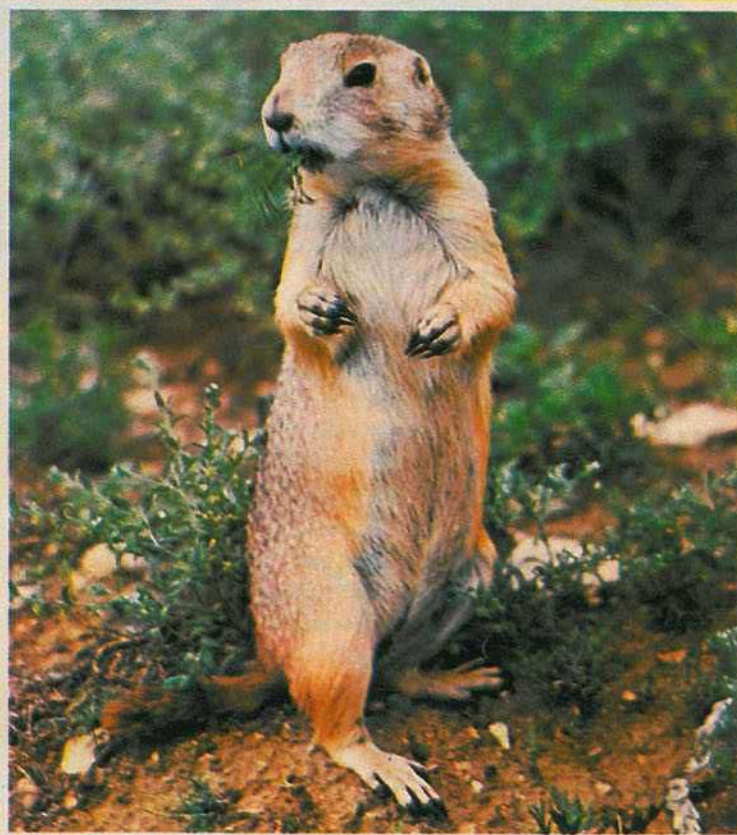
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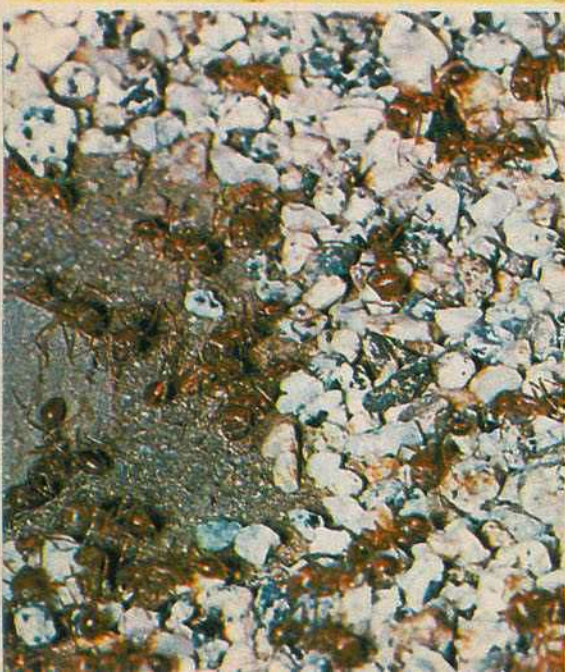
HAWK



RABBIT



PRAIRIE DOG



"Lucky the rabbits have their holes to hide in," said Huey.

"What other animals live underground?" asked Louie.

"Mice," said Huey.

"Prairie dogs," put in Dewey. "Remember the ones we saw once? They had tunnels everywhere—a whole apartment house under the ground!"

"And there's another apartment house dweller right by your foot," added the sharp-eyed ranger.

"You mean those ants?" asked Dewey. "Oh, that's right. They dig tunnel houses, too, don't they? Hey, where's Louie going?"

Louie had moved quietly to the

trees at the edge of the field. "Shh-h," he cautioned them as they followed him. "I've just found a new kind of home—up in that tree!" The others saw a hole high in the trunk. As they watched, a squirrel popped its head out and then back again.

"There's another bigger hole in that tree over there," whispered Huey. "Who lives there, Ranger Woodlore?"

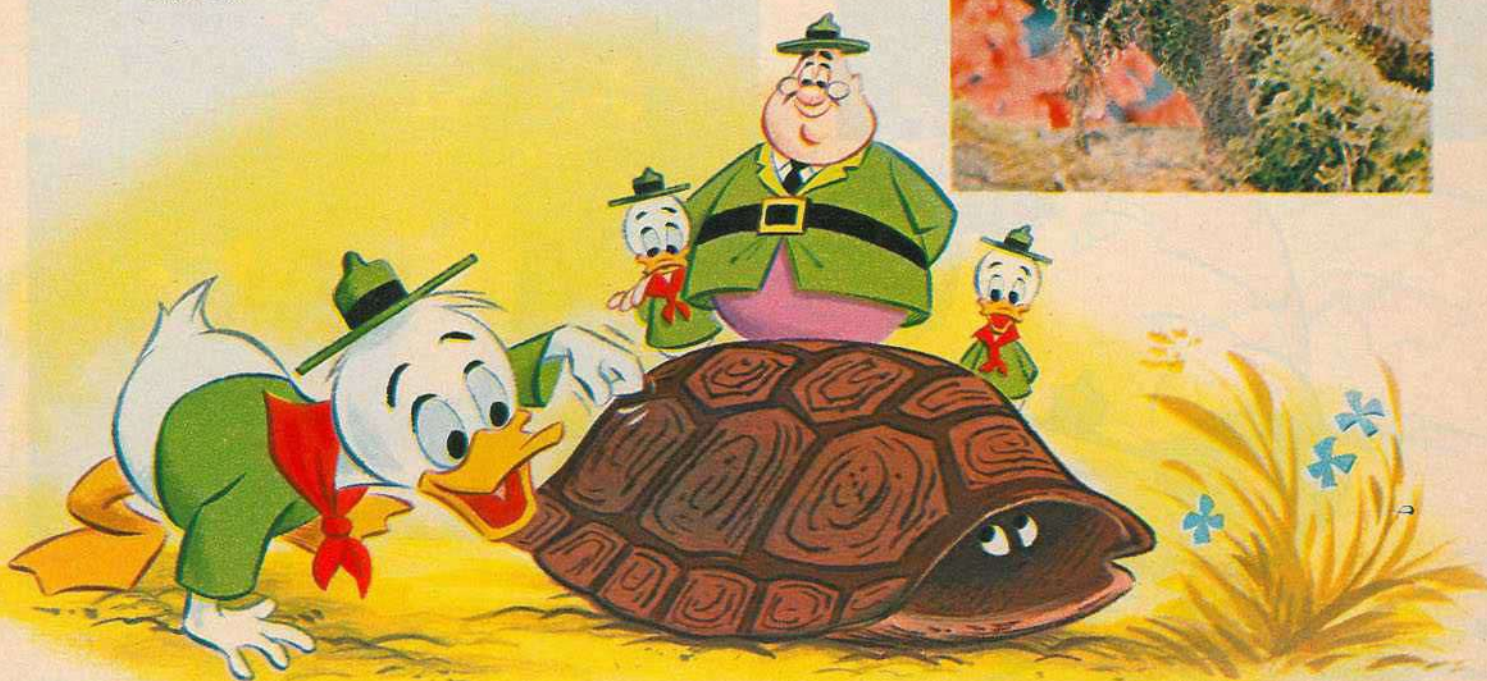
"Maybe a raccoon," suggested the ranger. "If so, he won't come out till dark."

"Somebody's been cutting down trees around here," observed Louie. "Here's one, and here are



BEAVER

SQUIRREL



more stumps."

"Good work, Louie," beamed the ranger. "You've found the work of a beaver who's been house-building. That means there's a stream nearby."

A short distance farther on they found the stream.

"But it's got a lot of brush in it," said Dewey.

"That's the beaver's house," explained Ranger Woodlore.

"Where's the door?"

"Under the water. It's hidden where only the beaver can find it. After he enters, he goes up *inside*

the part of his house that's above the water level."

"What I don't understand," said Huey, "is how a beaver can cut down the trees."

"A good question," replied the ranger. "You know, Mother Nature provides her creatures with every kind of tool you can think of. For the beaver, a sharp cutting edge — his teeth!"

"Here's another kind of house!" cried Louie. "The owner's at home, but he won't come out." Louie was crouched beside a turtle shell.

At the water's edge, Dewey had

made a small discovery. "There's a little lump of sand here going for a walk under the water," he said.

Ranger Woodlore looked closely and laughed. "Another one of Nature's better-built houses," he said. "That one belongs to a young caddisfly. He's inside his cleverly-glued-together house. And you're right—he's taking it for a walk."

The ranger continued, "It's time we took a walk—we should be heading back now. We have home, too, you know. And that's the best place to go after one of Ranger Woodlore's nature hikes!"



DISNEYLAND

A 70-ACRE CLEAN-UP JOB

Millions and millions of people visit Disneyland and Walt Disney World each year, and almost all of them exclaim, at some time during their visit, "But everything is so very *clean*!"

Yes, in spite of the large number of people who visit the Disney facilities in California and Florida annually, everything *is* clean. And that's no accident.

Each evening after the parks close, hundreds of men on the night janitorial crews fan out through the rides and attractions. These men, and the ever-present but unnoticed day crew, keep Disneyland and Walt Disney World spotless.

The problems involved in running the world's most popular family recreation parks are essentially the same as those mothers and dads face around the house —





sewing to do, windows and rugs to clean, lawns to cut, and hedges to trim. In many respects, including their family atmosphere, they are multi-acre homes. And they probably get *better* cleaning than many homes!

For instance, the outside of every window is washed every day. Two men arrive each morning at 4:00 a.m. and work until the job is completed.

Some rugs are shampooed every night, and they are always dry by morning. Even if a private party or a Date Nite lasts until one or two in the morning, everything is clean and dry when the parks open six or seven hours later.

There are ten different types of floor coverings in the parks, and each presents special problems. The slippery surfaces are treated with a non-skid wax and buffed every night during the summer.

Twice each year—before Christmas and before summer—the black-topped surfaces in the parks are scoured and scrubbed to remove oil, then repainted. This job alone costs \$50,000 per year and

employs approximately 60 painters and scenic artists. In summer, armed with spray cans or paint brushes, these men retouch the walls, benches or surfaces which may have become chipped, scratched or worn. It's necessary to cover the handrails with quick-drying paint each night; 30,000 people rubbing their hands on the rails tend to do things to paint.

Mother may sometimes fret about replacing a light bulb; Disneyland alone has 60,000 light bulbs, of 300 different types!

In the Plaza Inn are two crystal chandeliers. (These cost \$10,000 each, incidentally.) During the summer months they are washed three times a month with deter-

gent. (They do have a feature not available in most homes. They are lowered by electric motors so that the clean-up crew doesn't have to stand on ladders.)

There are 34 gardeners to keep the lawns and hedges looking trim. They replant 800,000 flowers and annuals each year.

One specialist not found around most houses is the gum scraper. Each day before the parks open, five men scrape chewing gum off the pavement. The work is done in the cool of the morning, when the gum is brittle and comes off easily. As the sun gets high and the day warms up, the gum becomes stringy and difficult to remove.

The Disney attitude toward





maintenance is "cleanliness breeds cleanliness," and that concept seems to work nicely.

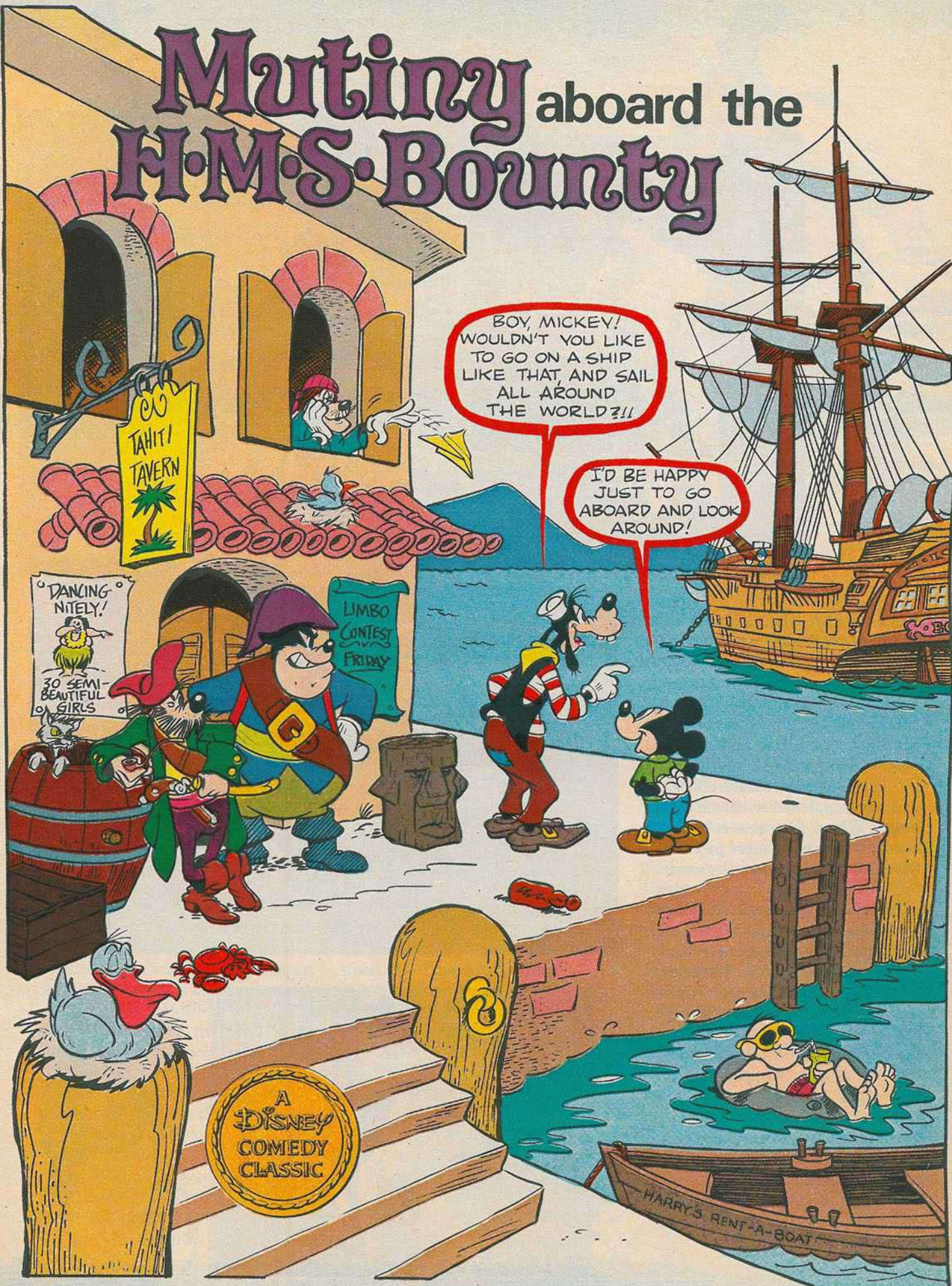
"For example," one supervisor explained, "each lavatory is checked every 20 minutes or so for supplies, operation and cleanliness. If a kid writes something on the wall, it'll be rubbed off or, if necessary, painted within half an hour. When he sees it's been erased, we have no more problems with that kid. He knows he's wasting his time."

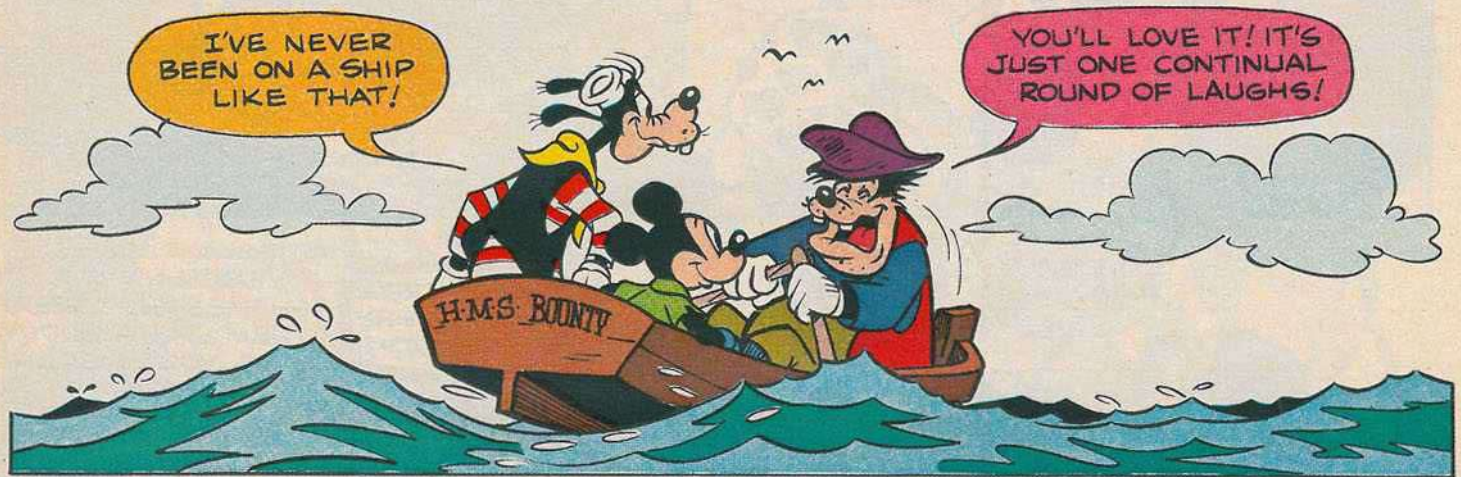
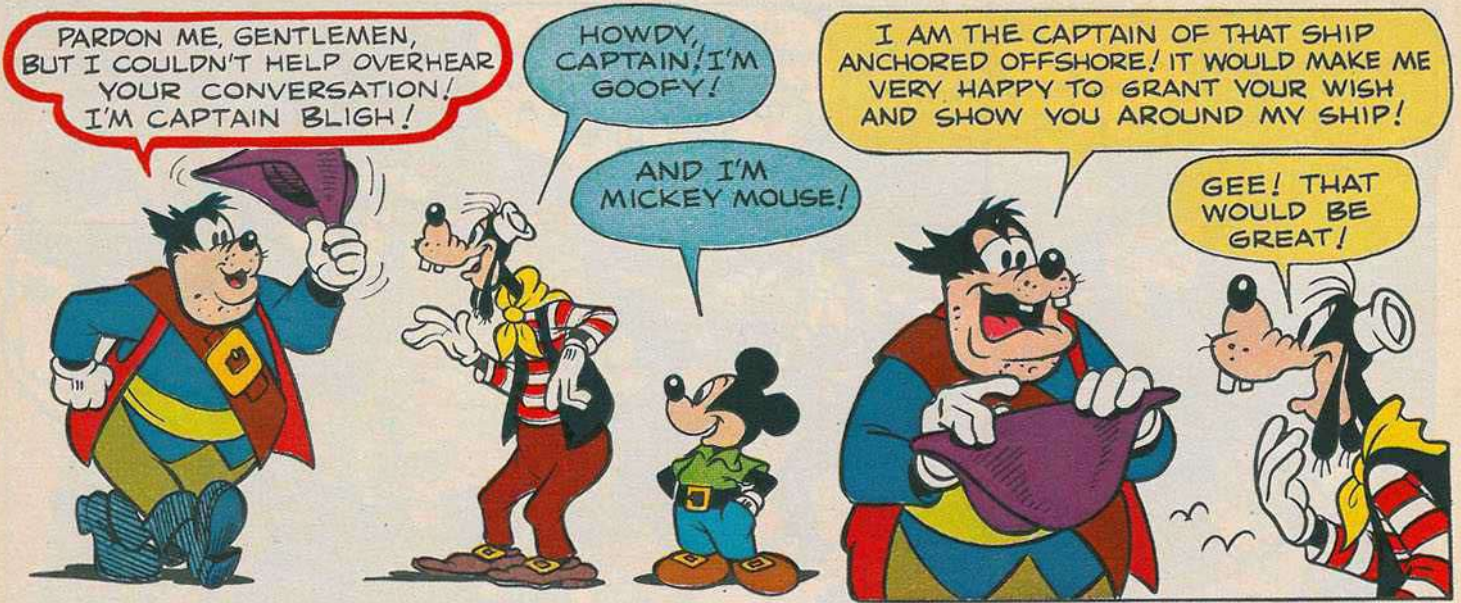
Area managers keep close tabs on the appearance and operational condition of the parks with daily maintenance reports. These reports cover the entire spectrum of maintenance problems—the carpet in the Moon Ride is spotted, the paint on the hitching post by the bus stop is chipped, a light bulb has burned out in the Haunted Mansion exit. Seldom is a problem listed two days in a row.

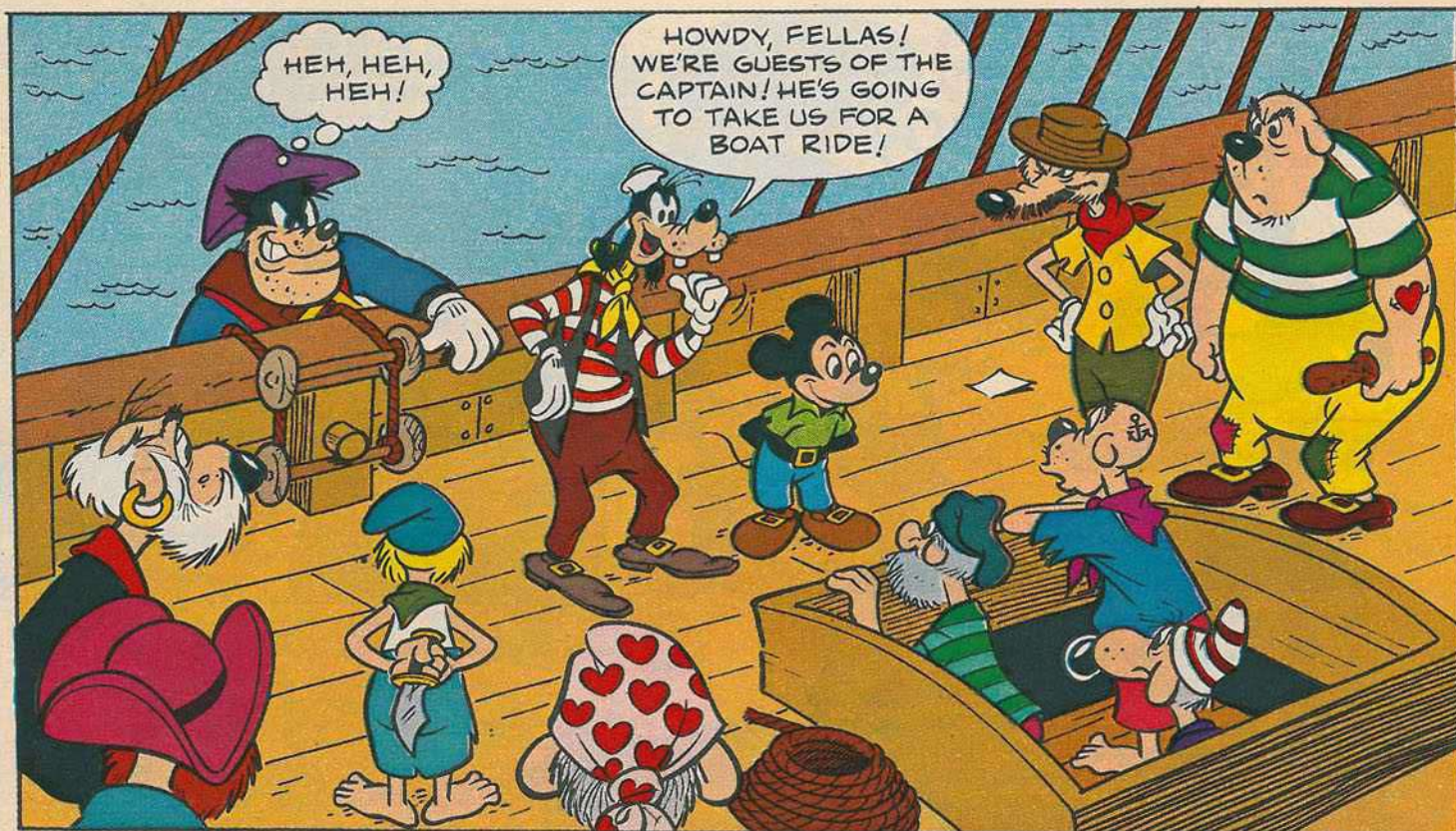
In addition to all this, as any mother knows, there are meals to be cooked, dishes to be washed, and clothes to be mended. Ah, but that's another story.



Mutiny aboard the H.M.S. Bounty









WHY DIDN'T YOU GET A PUMPER-NICKEL BREADFRUIT TREE? YOU KNOW I LIKE PUMPERNICKEL!

THE MANIFEST JUST SAYS, "FRENCH, WHOLE WHEAT, RYE AND SOUR DOUGH BREADFRUIT TREES/NO PUMPER-NICKEL!"



NO PUMPERNICKEL?

NO PUMPERNICKEL!



FIFTY LASHES!



MICKEY, I DON'T LIKE WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE/LET'S ASK HIM TO TAKE US ASHORE NOW!

GOOD IDEA!



WE CERTAINLY ENJOYED VISITING YOUR SHIP/WE'D LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU COULD TAKE US ASHORE NOW?

DON'T YOU WANT TO STAY AND SEE THE MAN-EATING SHARKS?



ACTUALLY, I SAW A MAN EATING TUNA JUST LAST NIGHT!

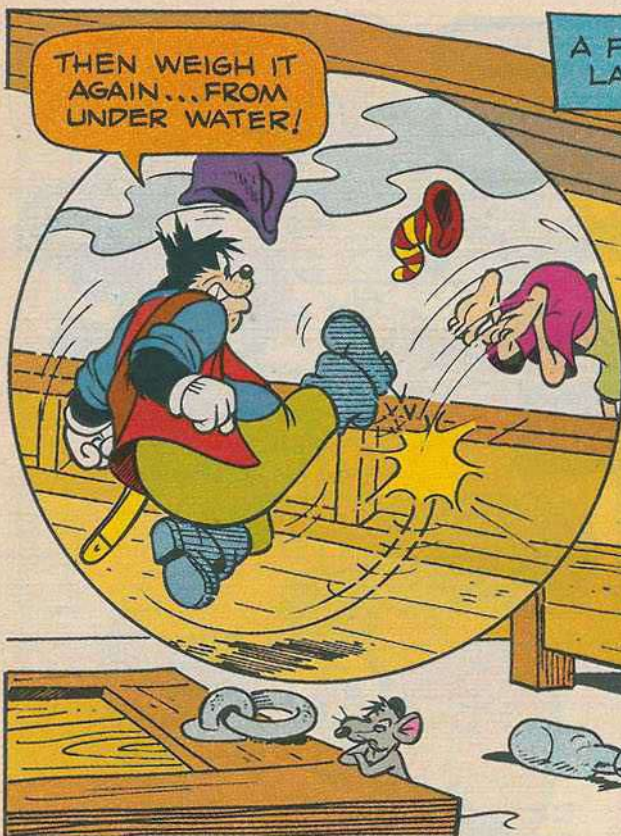
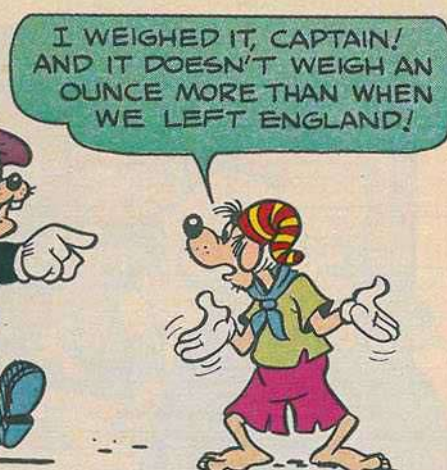
HEAR THAT, ALL YOU SEA SCUM? THEY WANT TO GO HOME!

YEAH! WE'D BETTER BE GETTING HOME!

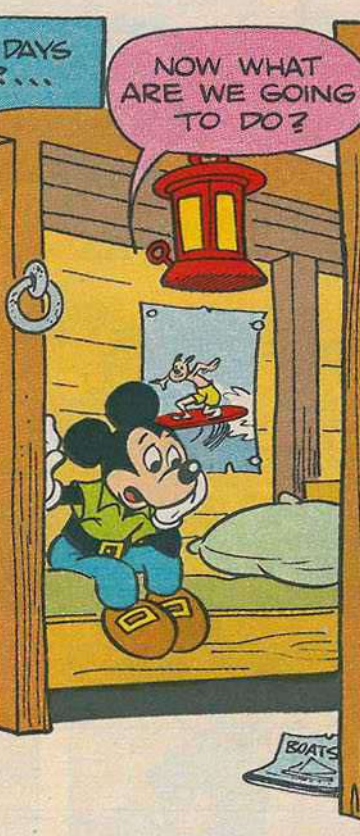


EVERY ONE OF THESE "BARNACLED BILGE RATS" HAS BEEN WANTING TO GO HOME FOR SIX YEARS ... BUT THEY AIN'T!





A FEW DAYS LATER...





WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO, SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE ON THIS FLOATING FUN HOUSE? I SAY WE TAKE OVER!

WE'VE TALKED OF THIS BEFORE, BUT WE HAVE NO WEAPONS OF ANY KIND! BLIGH HAS THEM ALL UNDER LOCK AND KEY!

THEN WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO GET THEM! WHERE ARE THEY?



THEY'RE IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS, BUT YOU CAN'T GET IN THERE! WE'VE TRIED!

THEN LET ME TRY!

WHO IS THE SHIP'S DOCTOR?



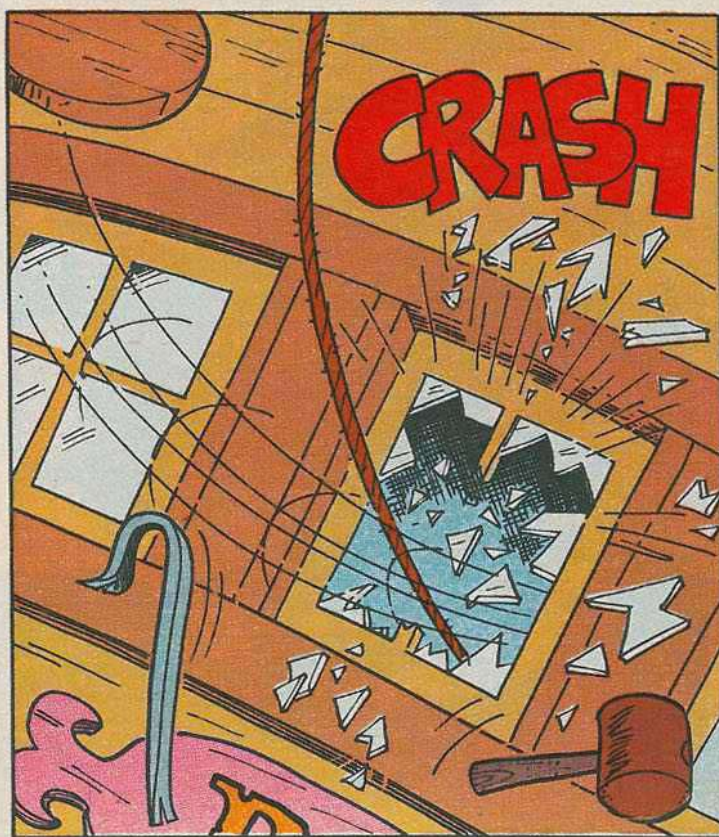
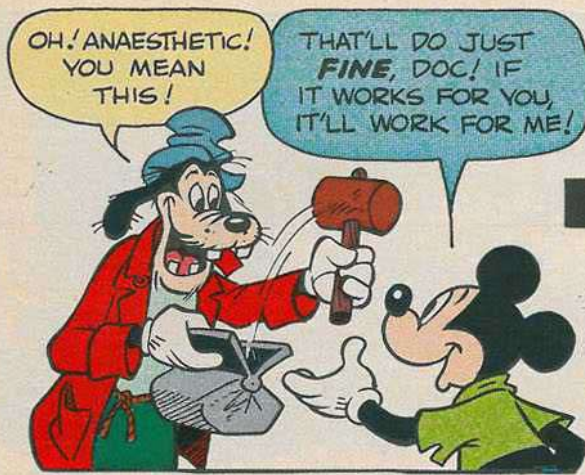
I AM! OF COURSE, I DON'T HAVE A LICENSE, BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS IN AN EMERGENCY! I WAS SHANGHAIED WITH ONLY TWO WEEKS OF PRE-MED!

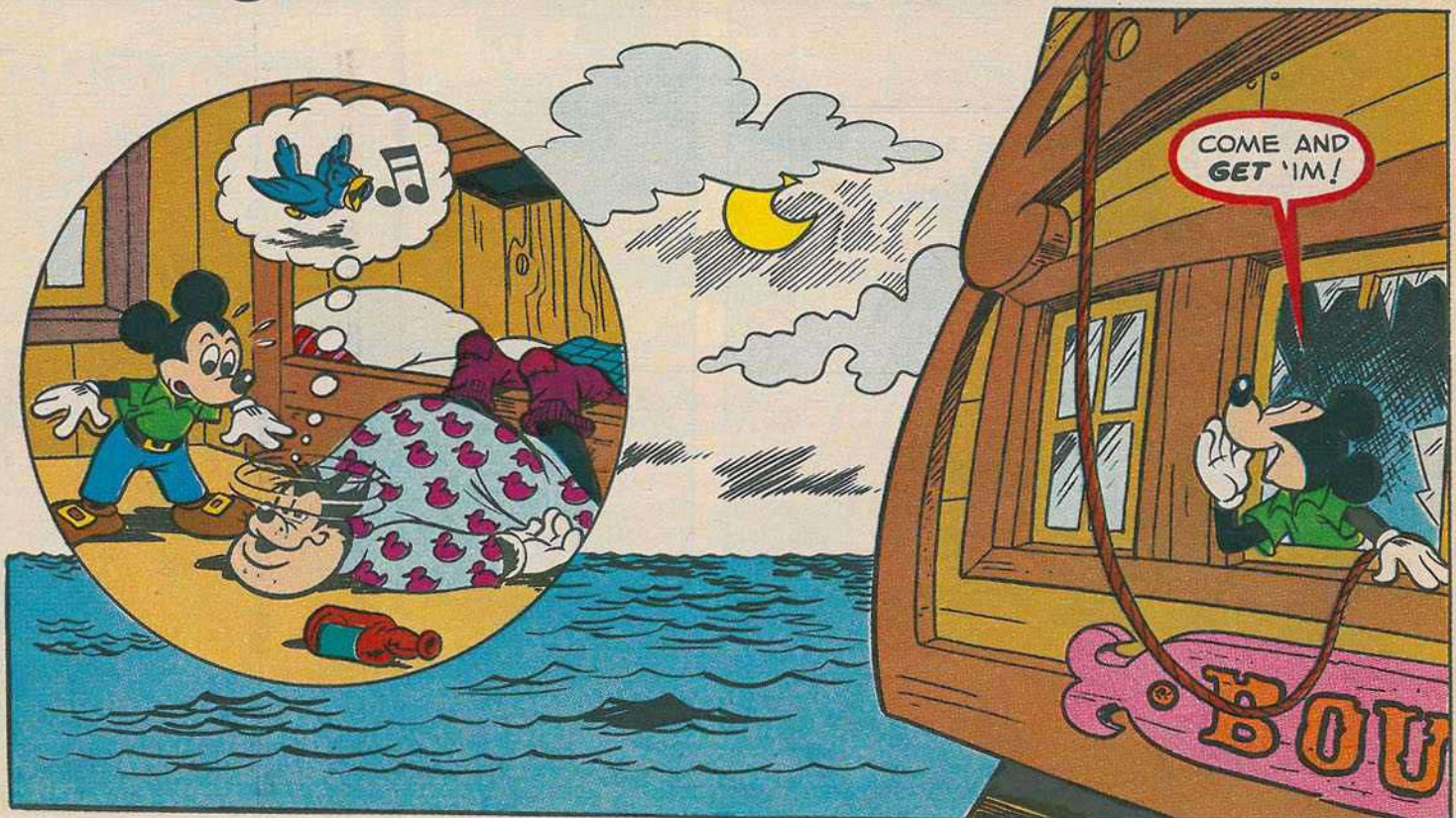
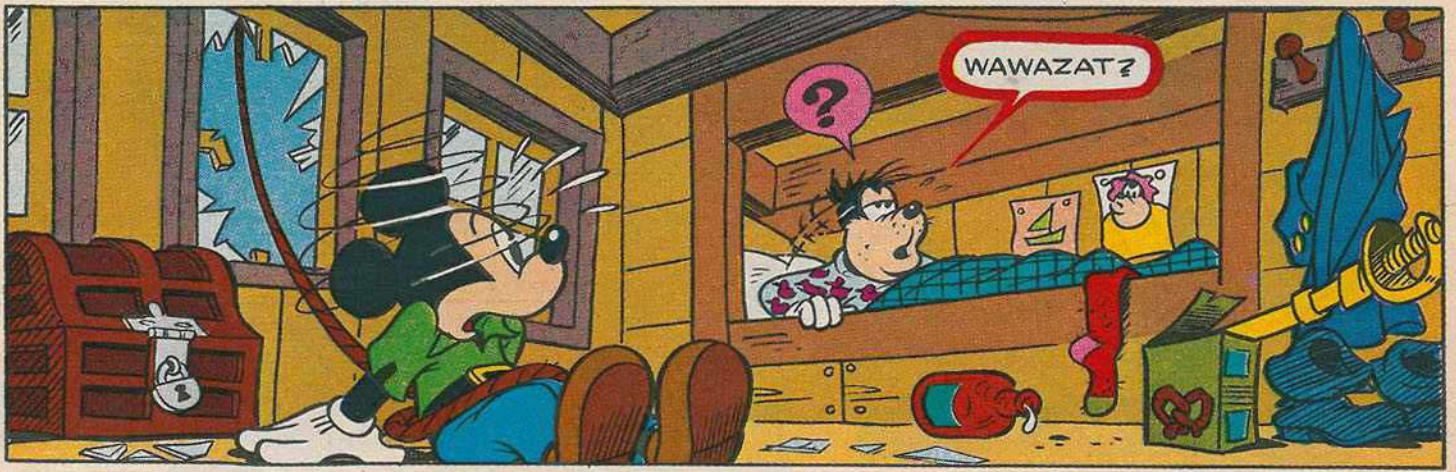
DON'T LET THAT BOTHER YOU, DOC! DO YOU HAVE ANY KIND OF ANAESTHETIC IN YOUR SATCHEL?

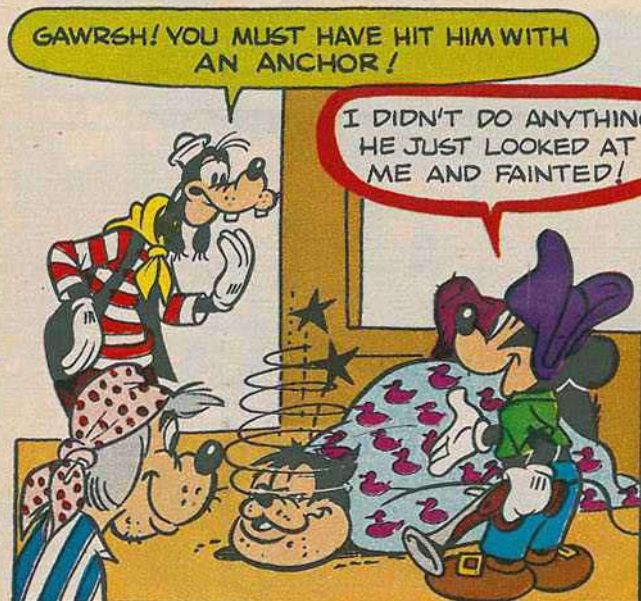
HMM... ANAESTHETIC? I'M AFRAID I DON'T!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU USE WHEN YOU HAVE TO OPERATE ON ONE OF THESE GUYS? HOW DO YOU PUT THEM TO SLEEP?

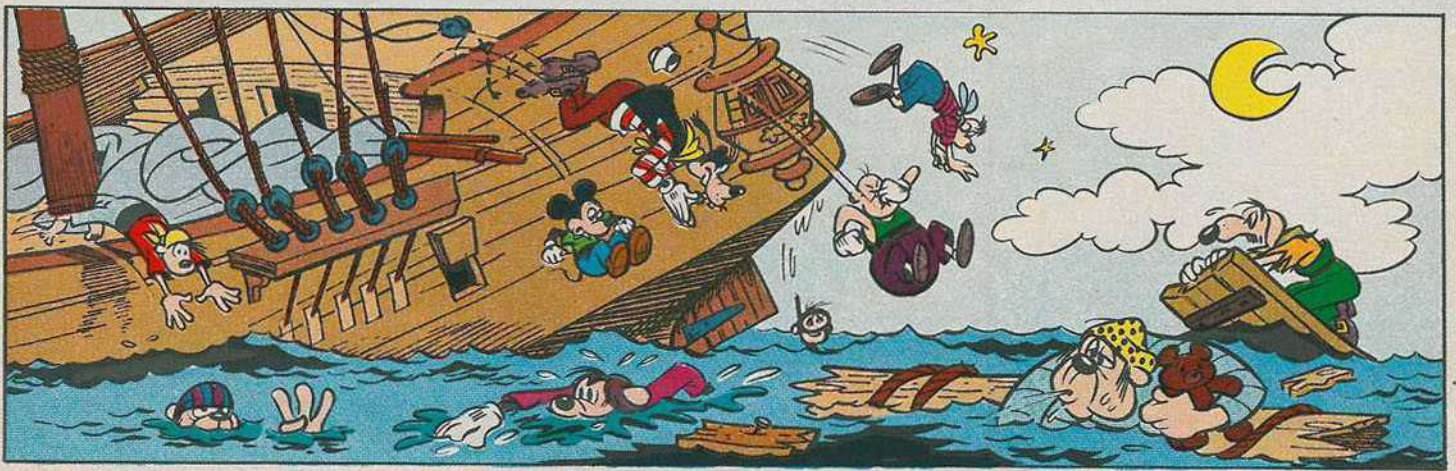
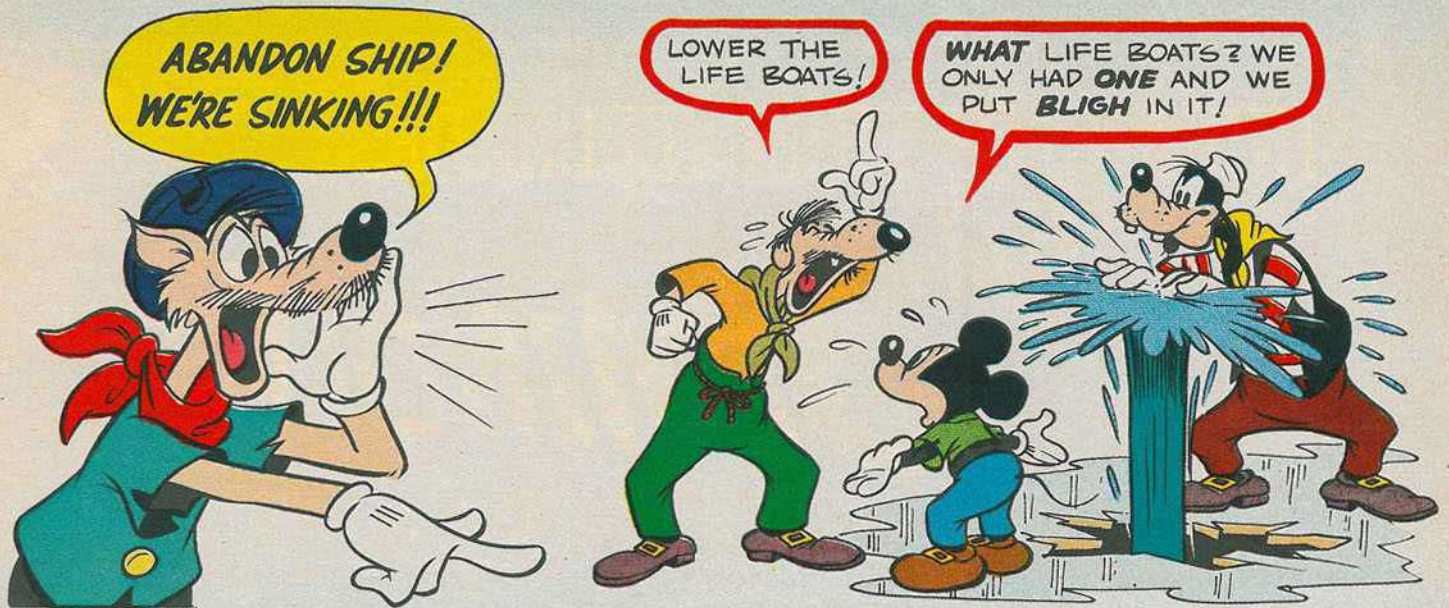












INDIANS OF THE EVERGLADES

THE SEMINOLES





This woman and her helper are grinding corn. Seminoles also grow rice, sugar cane, pumpkins and bananas.

While mother attends to the laundry, two small braves play near the water. At this age they may catch frogs; when they get older (and braver) they often wrestle alligators.



Deep within Florida's cypress swamps and mangrove thickets live the Seminoles. They are descendants of a hardy band of Indians who can claim to have won a war against the United States Army. In the Seminole War of the 1830's and 1840's, the Army tried time after time to bring the warriors under their control, but never succeeded. When the United States asked the great chief Osceola to sign a peace treaty which would have resulted in the removal of his people to Oklahoma, Osceola drove a dagger through the treaty and stalked out.

Eventually the government lured Osceola into a trap. The chief was seized while visiting the U.S. commander under a flag of truce. He was imprisoned at Fort Moultrie. Two years later, he died.

By 1850, some 1,600 Seminoles had been moved to Oklahoma. But 200 remained in Florida, living deep in the swamps, out of reach of the white

man's search parties. Finally, in the late 1930's, three Florida reservations were established. Today the descendants of Osceola's warriors live in open-sided, thatch-roofed huts called *chickees*, in villages along the Tamiami Trail near Miami, or on islands in the Everglades. Some villages can be reached only by dugout canoe, or by flat-bottomed boats with airplane-type engines.

In the swamp villages, the Indians make sequins from Garfish scales, and harvest palm fronds which American churchgoers use on Palm Sunday.

New visitors to Florida are often amazed by the strange names of places. There is Chokoloskee Island. There is Lake Okeechobee and the Caloosahatchee River. Long before Columbus discovered America, the Seminole Indians had named many areas of the state, and those names live on as a reminder of a remarkable people with a remarkable history.



Seminole houses are called *chickees*. Some villages can be reached only by canoe or airboat.

Goofy's Zoo

ENTRANCE

SHE THINKS WE'RE ENGAGED!

I ALWAYS CARRY A SPARE!

HE'S JUST WAITING FOR HIS TUXEDO TO COME BACK FROM THE CLEANERS!

HE'S TRYING TO LEARN TO FLOAT ON HIS BACK!

ACTUALLY... ONE HAS A TOOTHACHE, ONE HAS AN EARACHE AND ONE HAS A CINDER IN HIS EYE!



FASTER,
MOM...
FASTER!

HE EATS
CONTINUOUSLY!
BY THE TIME A MEAL
GETS DOWN - HE'S
HUNGRY ALL OVER
AGAIN!

ARCTIC
PENGUINS

YOU'VE GOT
ME, PAL! EVEN
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I AM!

EVICION
NOTICE

DON'T LAUGH!
HE'S VERY
SENSITIVE
ABOUT IT!

BALD
EAGLE



DEBBIE REYNOLDS

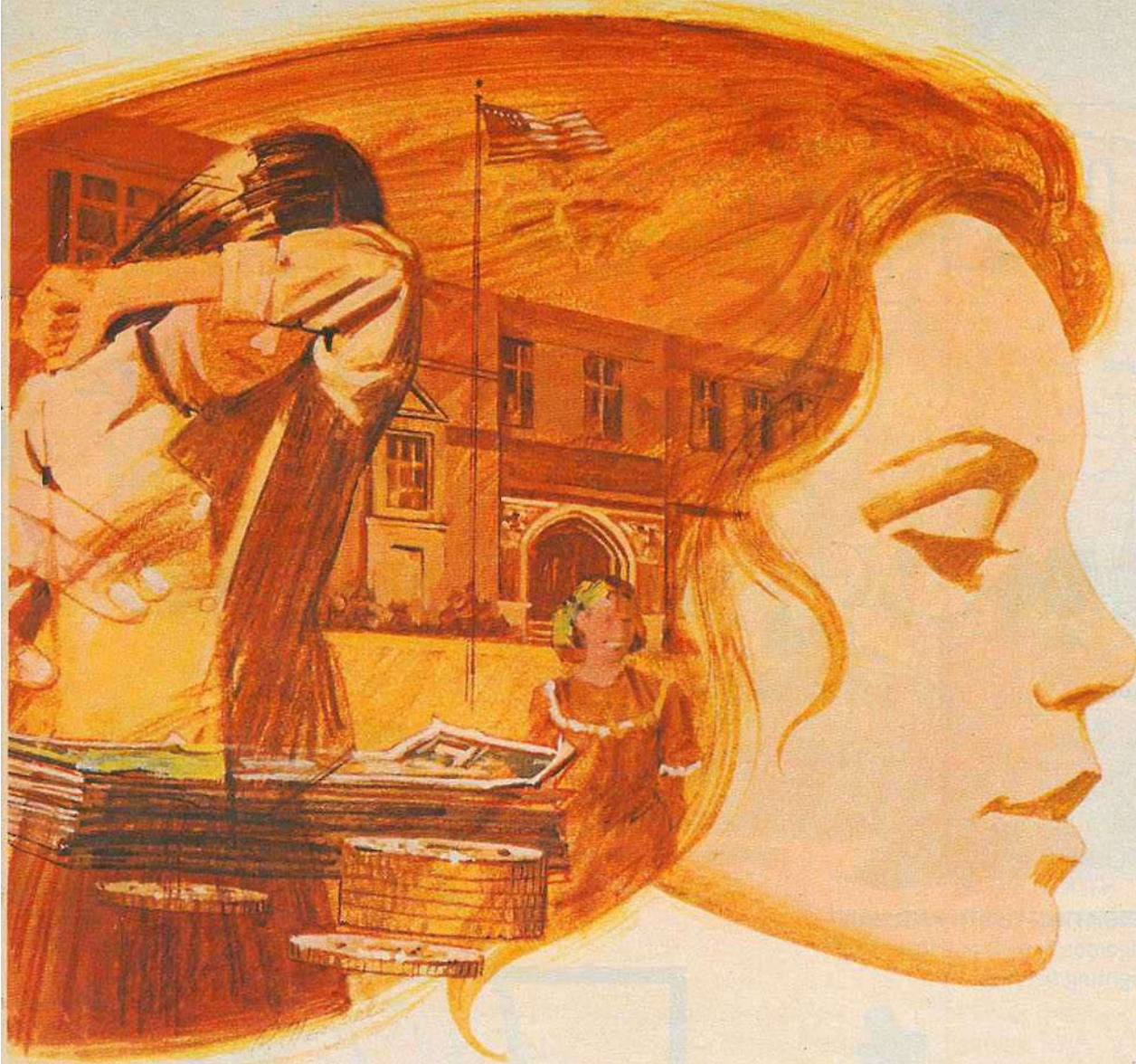
*An Unhappy Experience
Taught Her the Value
of Friendship.*

I had a brush with crime when I was in high school, and it was a humiliating and painful experience. And I learned an important lesson from it.

I was accused of stealing thirty dollars. I was fifteen years old at the time, and I had been chosen the treasurer of the Girls' Athletic Association. I was so proud! Sports were my whole life at the time, and I'd spend an extra hour at school in the morning and two in the afternoon so I could get added time for games and activities. I'd even sew hems in scarfs at night to earn extra points for letters. Well, being named treasurer of the G.A.A. was the greatest honor that had ever come to me.

I was assigned to collect money for a G.A.A. party, and had gathered thirty dollars in party funds. I left it in my locker at school, and the next morning it was gone!

Three gym teachers took me to the Girls' Dean's Office and interrogated me. "You might as well admit you took the money," they said. I swore I hadn't, but they didn't believe me. They thought I had taken the money so I could buy a dress for the prom, but I tried



to convince them that I wouldn't steal anything. "Besides," I said, "my mother's making me a dress for the prom." I couldn't change their minds. After about three hours of questioning, they let me go. Then they called in three of my best friends, asking them about the money and suggesting that I'd taken it.

The questioning still didn't get them anywhere, and they called in my mother. They told her that I had stolen the money. "How do you know?" she asked them. "Because the money was in her locker!" they said. My mom asked them, "Well, couldn't somebody else get in that locker?" They said no, because I had the only key, and they doubted anyone had actually broken into the locker. She never believed their accusation for a moment, but many of my classmates did. The word went all over school that I had stolen the money, and many of the kids actually turned their backs on me when I would walk up to them. My close friends stuck by me. Every afternoon we'd meet at the bicycle rack to talk about the day's mysterious developments. And then, at night, I'd cry myself to sleep.

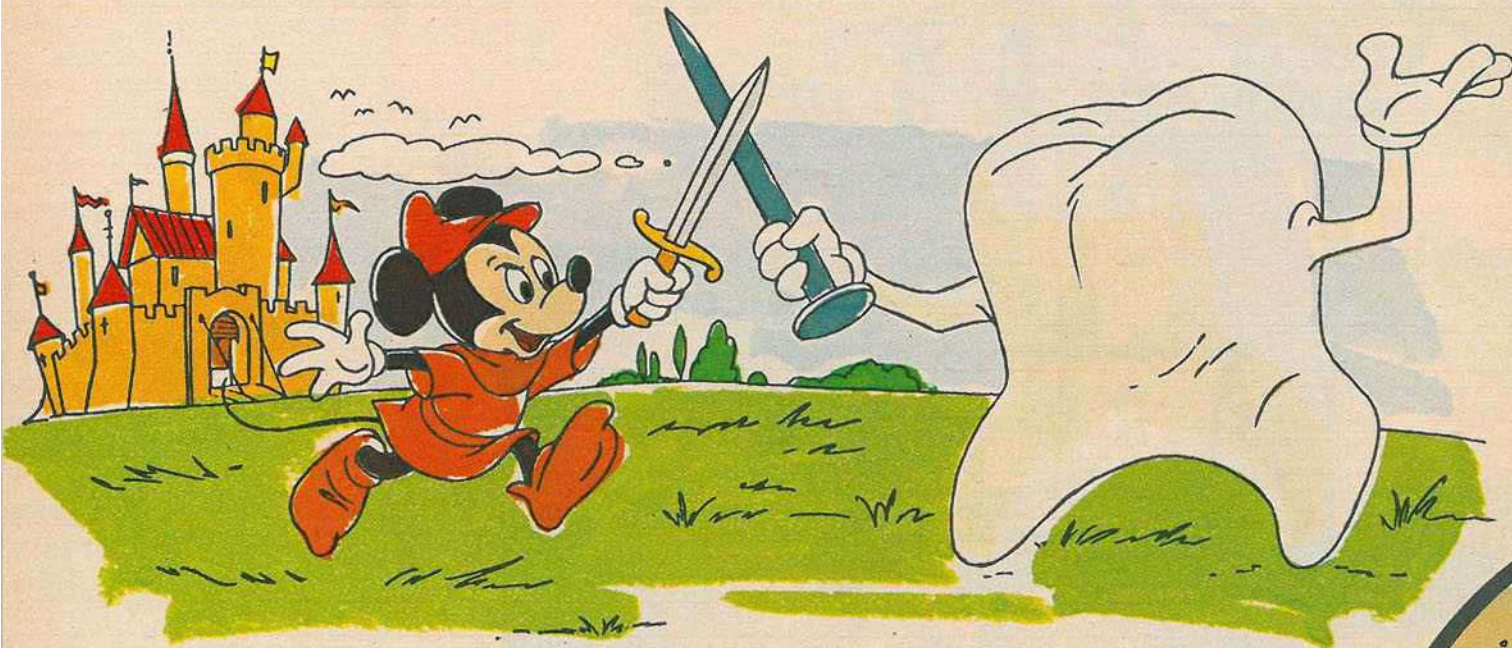
What hurt me the most was that the gym teachers didn't believe me. They had been my idols. I wanted to be a gym teacher more than anything else in the world.

Finally, one of my faithful friends, a girl named Barbara, solved the mystery. She had been working in a school activity from which funds had also disappeared. A leader in that activity was a girl who one day confided to Barbara that she had lifted the thirty dollars out of my locker to use towards buying a brand-new motor bike. So, after three agonizing weeks, my name was cleared. But none of the gym teachers ever apologized or admitted they were wrong. That really hurt.

I could easily have been bitter, but I wasn't. My parents' religion kept me from holding a grudge. I learned who my friends were and how much I valued them. I also learned how dangerous it is to *assume* someone is guilty of something until you have all the facts. That little episode, painful as it was, taught me something, and maybe it's something you can learn from, too.

Rebbie Reynolds

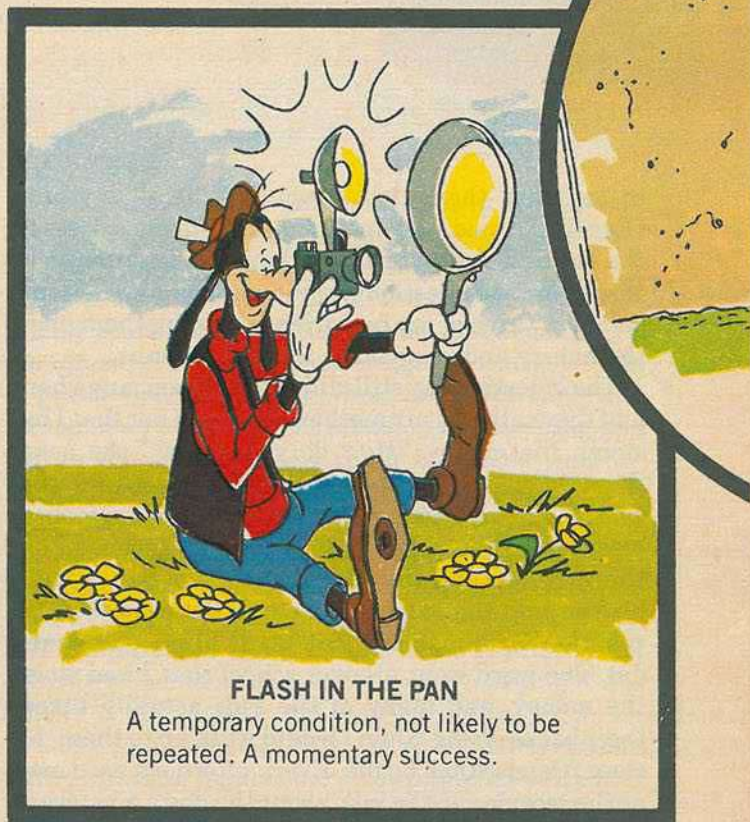
Simply Said



FIGHTING TOOTH AND NAIL
Vigorous and all-out struggling.
Fighting fiercely.



A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH
One sure thing is better than two possibilities.



FLASH IN THE PAN
A temporary condition, not likely to be
repeated. A momentary success.



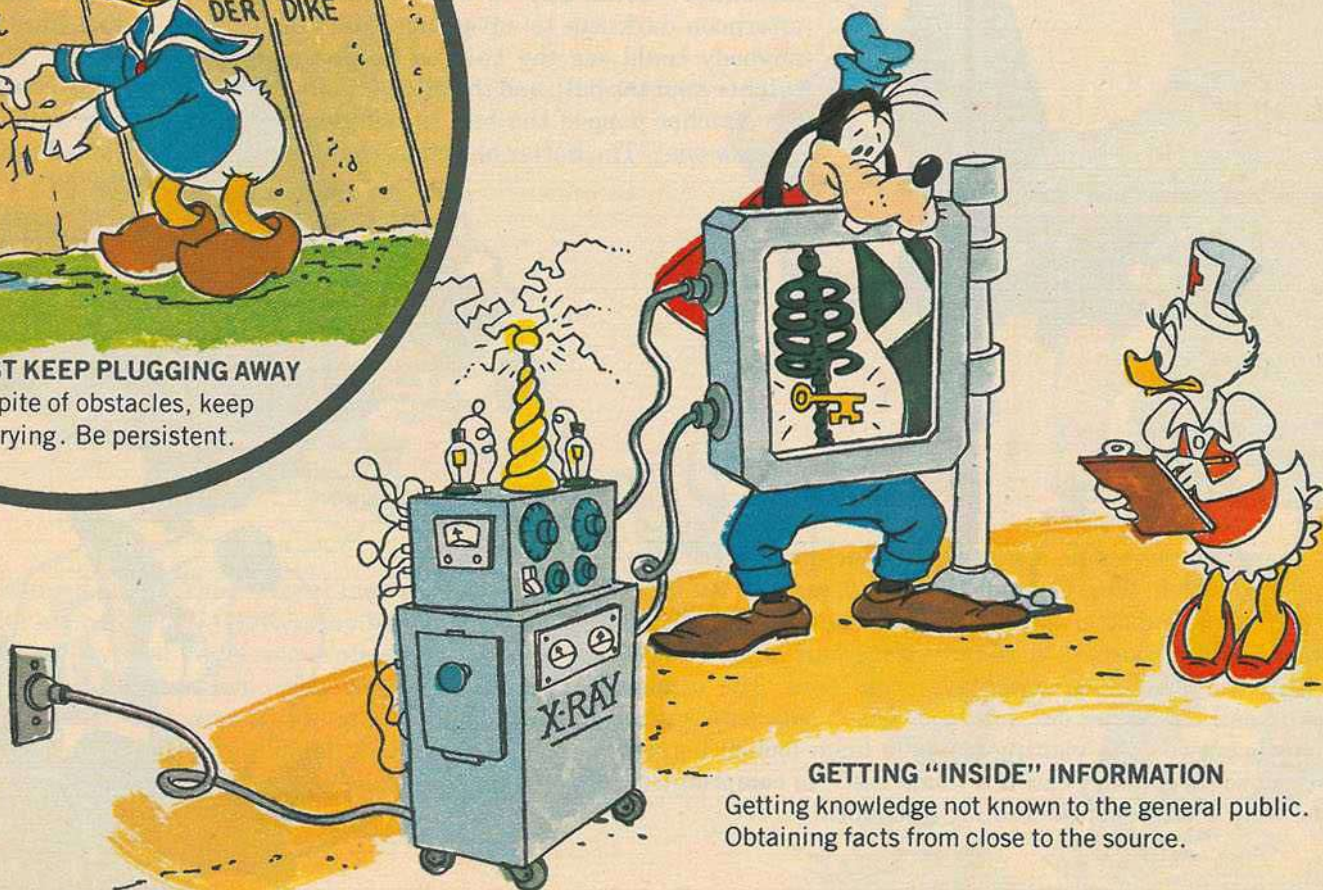
CONSPICUOUS BY HIS ABSENCE
His not being present was significant. Missed.



**BUTTER WOULDN'T MELT
IN HIS MOUTH**
He seems warm and concerned, but isn't.
A hypocrite.



JUST KEEP PLUGGING AWAY
In spite of obstacles, keep
on trying. Be persistent.



GETTING "INSIDE" INFORMATION
Getting knowledge not known to the general public.
Obtaining facts from close to the source.

Those hilarious, happy, early days of



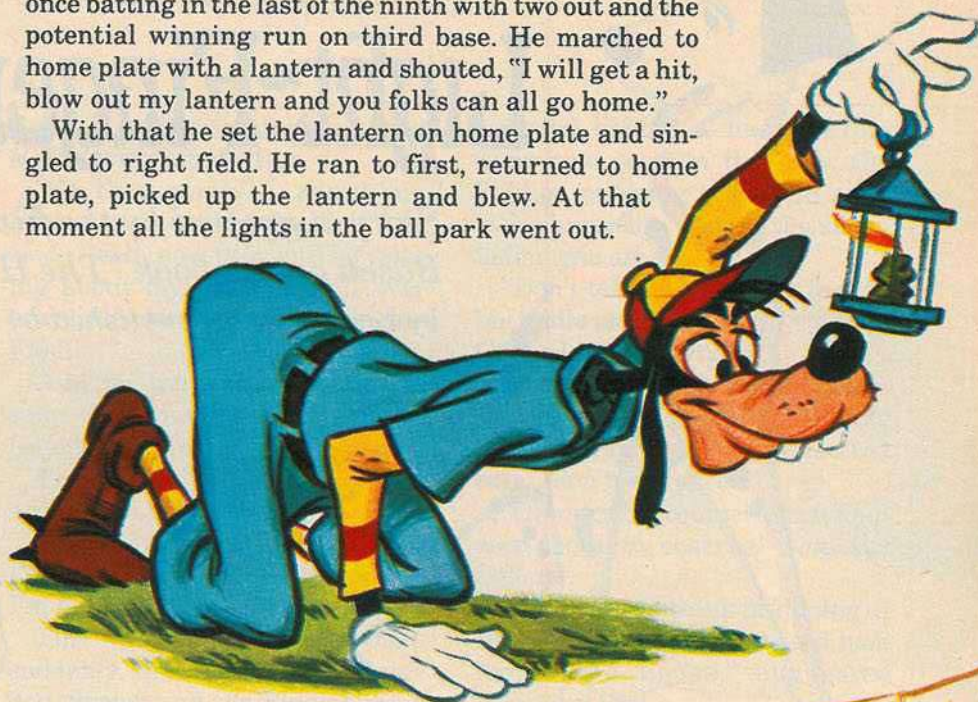
Before floodlights were installed in modern ball parks, one fearsome fastballer—some say it was Walter Johnson—used the late-afternoon darkness to advantage. His pitches were so fast hardly anybody could see the ball, so he plotted with his catcher. The catcher kept the ball, and the pitcher made believe he was throwing. The catcher popped the ball in his glove, and the umpire yelled, "Strike one!" The batter objected—he claimed the pitch was high.

Many years ago two towns, Cascade and Buckhorn, were playing a grudge match. With Cascade ahead, 1-0, and two out in the ninth, a Buckhorn batter lofted a high fly to left field. As the fielder got under the ball, it came apart—half landed in the glove and the other half sailed over the fence. The umpire started to call the batter out, but that wasn't safe with such a large home crowd. The visiting Cascade team looked big and menacing, so he couldn't call it a home run. He compromised, and the final score read: Cascade 1; Buckhorn, $\frac{1}{2}$.



Al Schacht, known as the Clown Prince of Baseball, was once batting in the last of the ninth with two out and the potential winning run on third base. He marched to home plate with a lantern and shouted, "I will get a hit, blow out my lantern and you folks can all go home."

With that he set the lantern on home plate and singled to right field. He ran to first, returned to home plate, picked up the lantern and blew. At that moment all the lights in the ball park went out.

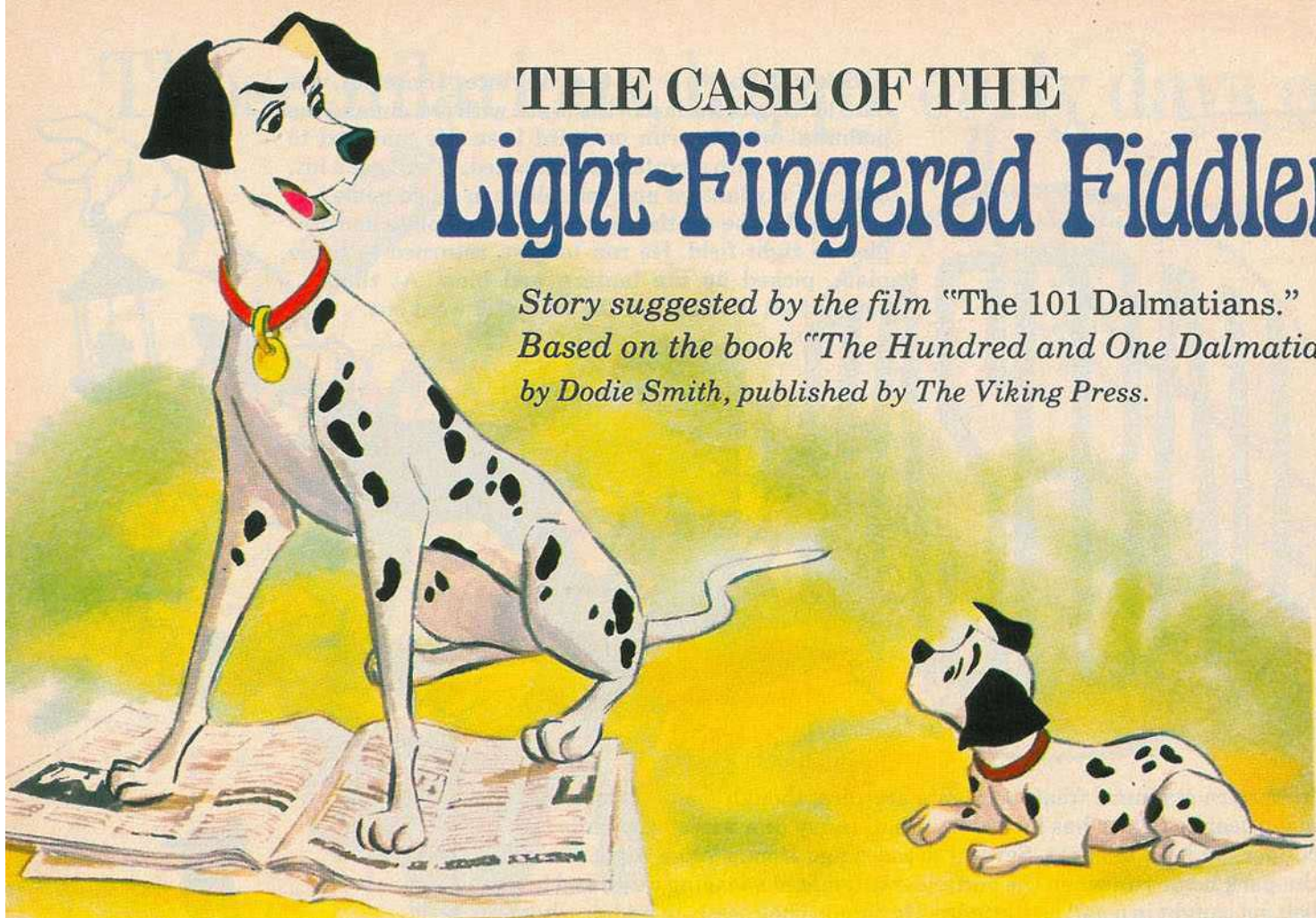


In modern stadiums freak accidents are rare, though many a frustrated major league fielder has looked for a ball in ivy or a wire fence while the runner circled the bases. Several decades ago Honus Wagner got an in-the-park home run when the outfielder attempted a leaping catch and his belt got caught in a nail on the fence. He dangled helplessly in midair while Wagner circled the bases and crossed home plate.



Many a grade school player has tried to coax a slow roller over into foul territory by blowing on the ball. Is it legal? Several years ago a player in the International League did the same thing, and oddly enough, nobody protested. But next morning the league president issued a proclamation which read, in part: "You can't blow the ball foul hereafter in this league..."





THE CASE OF THE Light-Fingered Fiddler

*Story suggested by the film "The 101 Dalmatians."
Based on the book "The Hundred and One Dalmatians"
by Dodie Smith, published by The Viking Press.*

"It's a disgrace!" exploded Pongo, the Dalmatian dog.

"What's a disgrace, Papa?" asked Lucky Puppy.

Pongo glared at the newspaper which was spread out on the floor of his doghouse. "The royal jewels are missing!" he said. "It's all here in the paper. Yesterday the jewels were sent out to be cleaned. There were emerald rings, a sapphire necklace, ruby bracelets, a diamond tiara and enough pearls for the world's biggest marble game. On the way to the jeweler's, they were stolen. There's no sign of them! Scotland Yard is baffled! It's a disgrace, that's what it is! It's an affront to every decent Englishman."

"And every English dog," put in Lucky, helpfully.

"Right!" agreed Pongo. His tail thumped impatiently on the floor.

"We should do something about it," he said firmly. "We dogs, I mean. We have ways of knowing things that our humans..." He left the sentence unfinished. Then he said, "The Twilight Bark! That's it! We'll rally all the dogs in England!"

So, that evening, the dogs in London were alerted. A Kerry in Kensington heard Pongo's message and passed it along. A St. Bernard in Bayswater, a spaniel in Soho and a collie from Chelsea helped spread the word.

News of the missing jewels was passed from the dogs in the city to dogs in the outlying villages until, at last, the Twilight Bark came to the shaggy ear of an old sheepdog known as the Colonel. With the Colonel was his trusted friend, a lean and lively cat named Sergeant Tibs.

"What's that?" exclaimed the Colonel. He cocked his good ear. "Loyal fools?"

"Royal jewels, I think, sir," said Tibs respectfully. "Yes, three short barks and one long. Royal jewels. Pongo's sent word from London that we're to keep alert for signs of the scoundrels who took the royal jewels."

"Good show!" huffed the Colonel. "Obviously I'll be in charge of this area. Tibs, we must set up a headquarters, organize a staff, establish an officers' club..."

Sergeant Tibs interrupted: "Hadn't we better concentrate on looking for the jewels, sir?"

"Yes, yes! All in good time. But first things first. I think Pall Mall would be a logical command post."

Sergeant Tibs shuddered. "That scary old place?"

"Why not? It's been empty since

that awful Cruella De Vil woman moved out. Let's get over and inspect it."

Tibs wasn't too pleased at the idea, but he followed the Colonel out of their warm, cozy stable and across the fields toward the run-down mansion called Pall Hall.

As they approached the old manor house, however, they went more carefully, for there were lights in some of the windows.

"Odd!" muttered the Colonel. "The place is supposed to be vacant!"

An eerie sound floated from the house—a sound like wind moaning in the trees, and yet not like that at all.

Moving like shadows, the dog and the cat crept up to a lighted window. Sergeant Tibs leaped to the Colonel's back. The Colonel raised his head and looked in through the dusty panes of glass.

"Egad!" gasped the Colonel. "Who's that creature?"

The hair on Sergeant Tibs' head stood straight up as he peered in the window. "I...I can't imagine, sir."

The "creature" was a thin scarecrow-shaped man with a bald head, pointed nose and glittering eyes. He was sitting on a tall stool in front of a music stand and holding a huge bass violin.

As the Colonel and Sergeant Tibs watched, the man continued to draw a bow back and forth across the strings of the violin. The eerie sounds they had heard as they neared the manor house were coming from it!

Every once in a while, the man would stop playing the bass violin, look down at the violin case on the floor, and smile. A smile so evil and menacing that both the Colonel and Sergeant Tibs shuddered.

Then, suddenly—with a screeching of the strings—the man stopped playing. He got off

the stool, put the violin down, and sighed with satisfaction.

"So they wouldn't admit my genius in the orchestra hall," he said. "Well, now they will be talking about my brilliance all over town! All over the country! Me, the Fiddler!"

And he laughed, making the same eerie sound that had emitted from the violin.

Tibs and the Colonel moved away from the window.

"He sounds daft!" huffed the Colonel. "And a bit dangerous, if I'm not mistaken."

Tibs was about to agree when, suddenly, the side door to the garden opened and the Fiddler came outside.

Quickly, the Colonel and Tibs

scurried behind a hedge. From their new position they saw the Fiddler, carrying the violin case, move hurriedly toward the snow-laden rose arbor.

"Don't tell me he's going to play his fiddle out in the cold!" said the Colonel. "He is daft!"

"I think he's left the fiddle inside, sir," said Tibs. "He is moving too fast to have the fiddle in that case...don't you agree?"

"Of course, of course! Just what I was about to observe," said the Colonel.

"What do you think he's doing at Pall Hall? Maybe we should look inside the house," suggested Sergeant Tibs.

"Indeed, indeed!" said the Colonel. "I'll lead the way!"





Together, the Colonel and Tibs scampered behind the row of hedges to the side door. Finding it ajar, the Colonel nosed it open and he and Tibs went in.

"Phew! What a musty place!" exclaimed the Colonel, wrinkling his nose.

Tibs, meanwhile, began to sniff around the stool and the violin on the floor. The dim yellow light from the old chandelier cast strange shadows all around the room.

"Colonel, sir! Look here!" Tibs called from the stool seat. "Is that what I think it is?"

The Colonel bounded over to the stool and rested his paws on the top rung. He followed Tibs' gaze to the music stand.

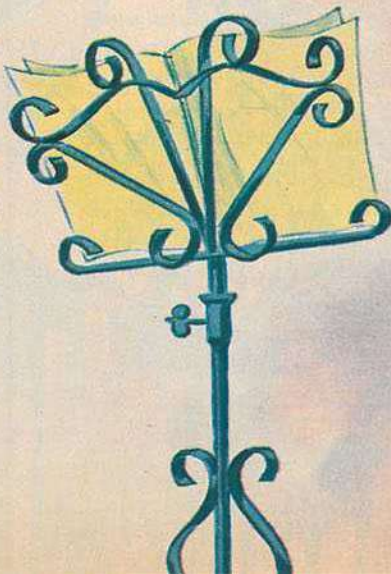
"My word!" breathed the Colonel. "An emerald! The size of an egg!"

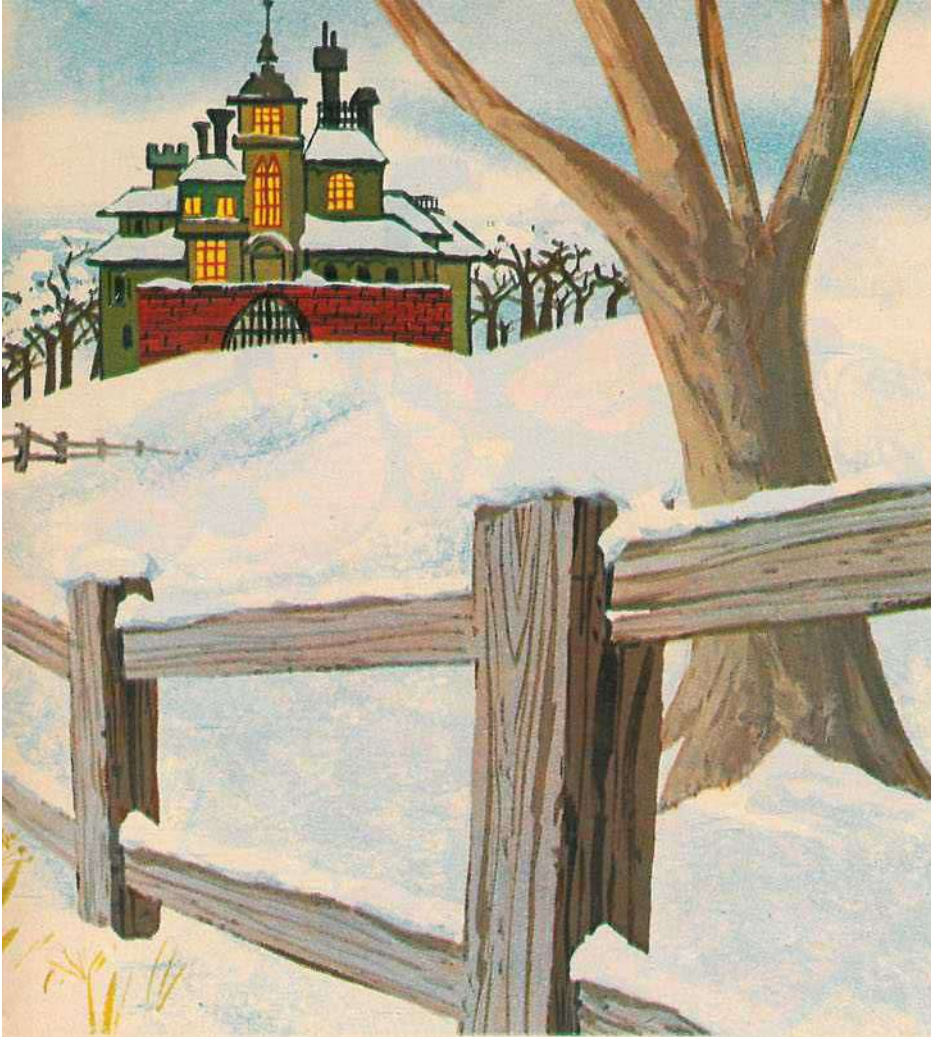
"One of the royal jewels!" Tibs

said. "The others must be in his violin case!"

"Just what I was about to say, Tibs!" the Colonel said.

A cold blast of wind rattled the pages of the sheet music. The Fiddler had opened the door! He was coming back inside!





Hurriedly, Tibs jumped off the stool and darted into the next room, the Colonel following close behind him.

"A hot cup of tea is what I need," they heard the Fiddler say, and then they heard his footsteps go off in the direction of what they knew was the kitchen.

"I think, sir, that if we are going to get out of here, we had better do it now," suggested Tibs.

The Colonel nodded. And he and Tibs scurried through the room with the violin and out the side door. They didn't stop until they were on the other side of the garden, next to the arbor.

"Look, Tibs, there's the case!" the Colonel exclaimed. And he went over to it and nosed it open.

"Empty!" exclaimed Tibs and the Colonel together.

Just then a sharp bark came from across the field.

It was Pongo! And Lucky Puppy! "Colonel! I was looking for you!" Pongo said when he and Lucky Puppy arrived at the arbor. "The word got around that the royal jewels are in your neck of the woods!"

"Indeed they are!" the Colonel said, and he and Tibs told Pongo about the Fiddler, the emerald, and the empty bass violin case.

"Hmmm," Pongo said when the Colonel and Tibs had finished. "Then the jewels must be around here somewhere."

"Exactly what I was about to say, dear chap," said the Colonel.

"Maybe they're buried, Papa," said Lucky Puppy. And he began to dig in the snow. After a minute he barked excitedly and then lifted his head. In his mouth was a ruby bracelet!

"Keep digging, Son!" Pongo said.

And in a few minutes Lucky had uncovered the rest of the royal jewels!

"Good show!" said the Colonel. "Sergeant, write that up for a commendation!"

"I'll go for the police," Pongo said. "I know how to get them up here. The rest of you take the jewels up to the house. The Fiddler won't be able to deny a thing if the jewels are in the house."

"There's a milk door in the kitchen," the Colonel said. "We can push the jewels through there."

By the time Pongo and the police got to Pall Hall, all the jewels were inside.

"What I want to know," the Fiddler said, as the police led him away, "is how a dog could have found me out?"

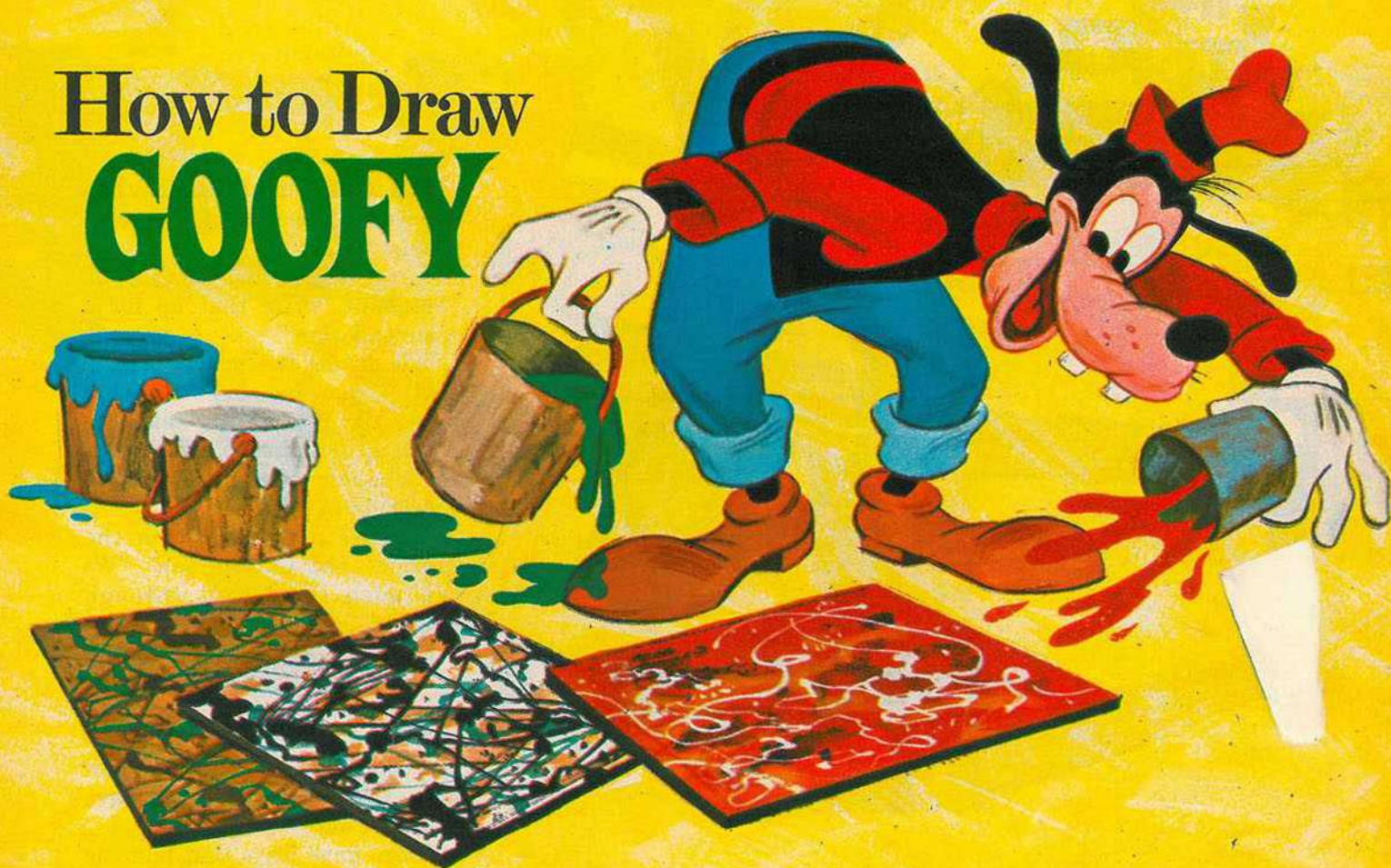
"Dogs have ways that humans haven't," said the policeman.

"Especially *English* dogs. Right, Papa?" said Lucky Puppy.

"Right, Son," said Pongo.



How to Draw GOOFY

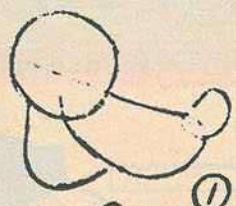


Goofy is by far the best-natured creature going. He's always glad to help his friends in any way he can. But Goofy has one very basic problem: He isn't too bright. His efforts to get things done have been known to end in disaster. But he is sure that everything will turn out all right in the end. Oddly enough, everything usually does. Goofy is bashful, but when

the camera is on him he likes to mug like an amateur actor with relatives in the audience.

You can have fun drawing Goofy. Follow the instruction on these pages. And don't be afraid to try Goofy in different poses and to put different costumes on him. He loves to pretend he's a big game hunter, a skier, a baseball player or a frontier sheriff.





①
START WITH
SIMPLE FORM



②
EYES, NOSE
MOUTH, CHIN



③
NOW FINISH
HIM

HIS SHOES ARE
TOO LONG



HANDS
ARE
LONG,
WEARS GLOVES

EYES
DROOP



SWEATER
IS OLD
TURTLENECK

EARS
FASTER
BELOW
CENTER
OF HEAD



HAT ABOUT
ONE HEAD
LENGTH HIGH

PAANTS HANG
AS THOUGH
THEY SLIPPED
A LITTLE



FRONT VIEW

CHIN IS
WELL BACK

A LITTLE
STOMACH

THIS IS THE
NATURAL
RELAXED
ATTITUDE OF
GOOFY

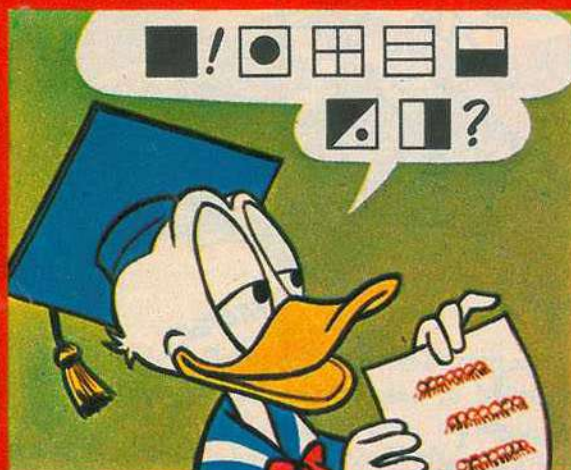
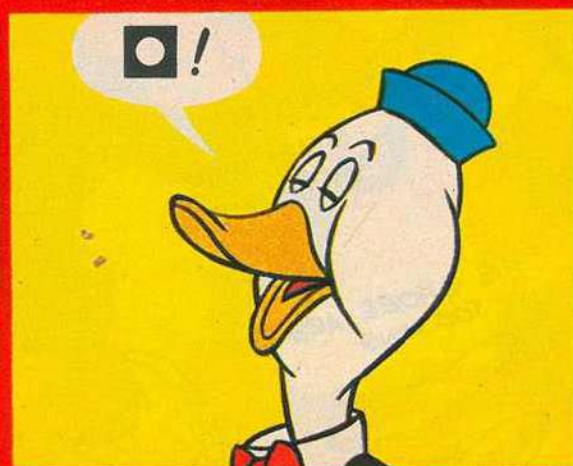


KNEES USUALLY
BEND TO HELP
SLOUCH BODY

LONG FEET



CLASSROOM CHUCKLER



The Classroom Chuckler above proves that learning can really be fun! The joke is in code, so you'll have to decode it to follow the conversation. Match the symbols above with the corresponding ones below and you can enjoy the joke.

■ = BY

● = HOW

▧ = CENTIPEDES

■ = LEGS

⬢ = DIVIDED

▨ = MANY

⊙ = COUNTED

■ = CORRECT

▨ = YOU

▧ = THE

⋮ = I

▧ = THIS

▨ = IN

□ = 100

▨ = AND

⬢ = DID

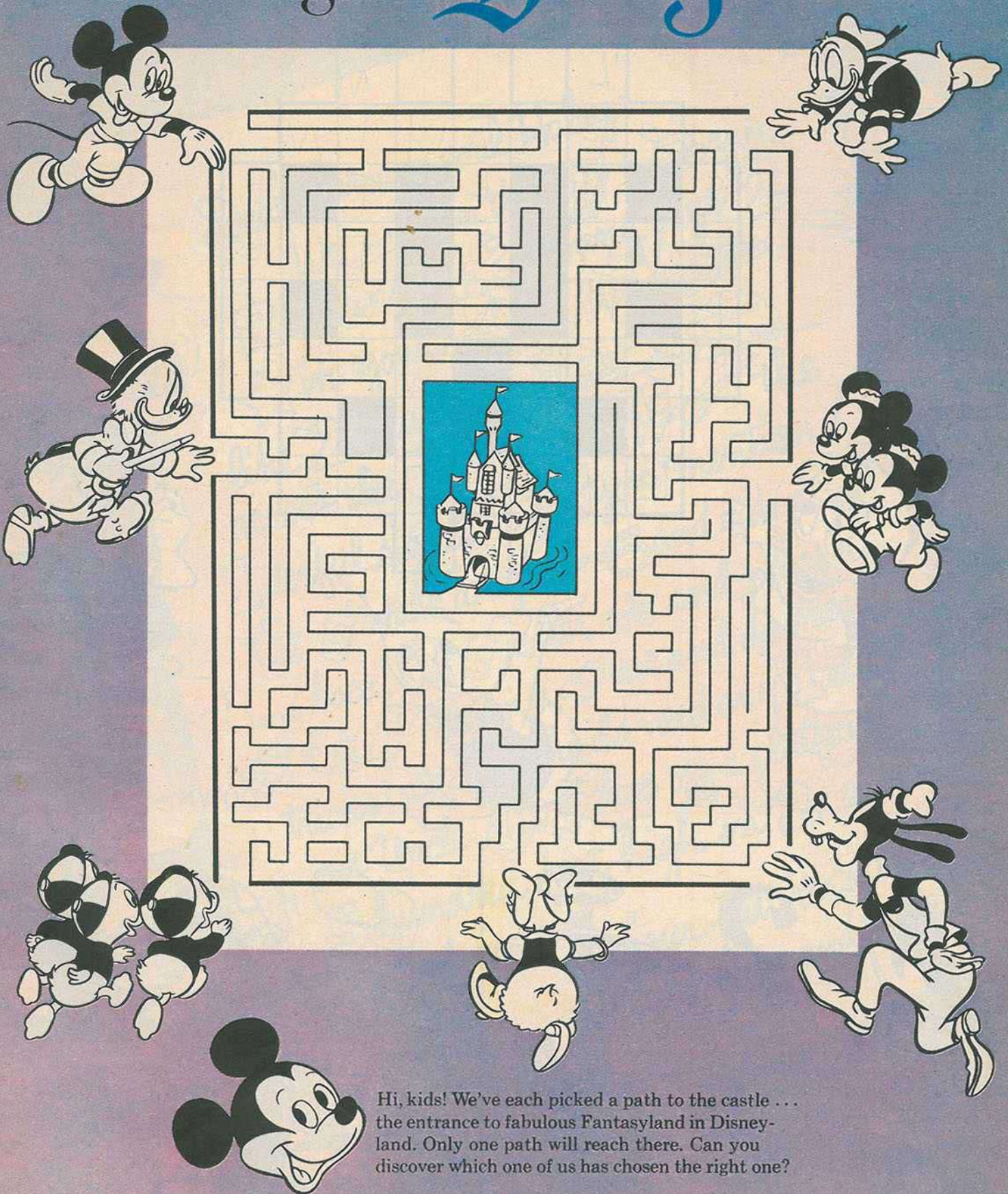
■ = GET

▧ = PICTURE

● = THREE

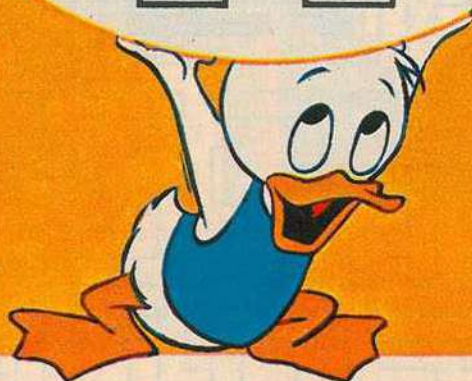
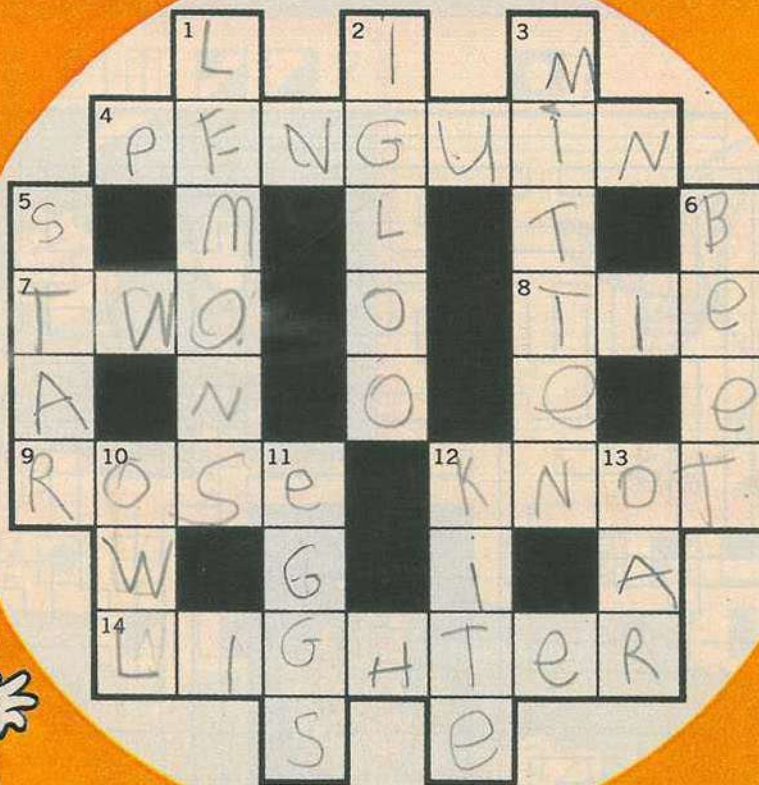
■ = ANSWER

Let's go to Disneyland



Hi, kids! We've each picked a path to the castle . . . the entrance to fabulous Fantasyland in Disneyland. Only one path will reach there. Can you discover which one of us has chosen the right one?

DEWEY'S CROSSWORD

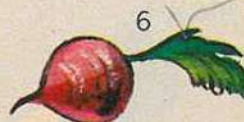
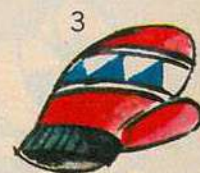
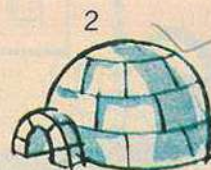
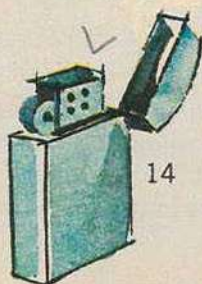
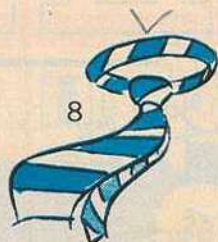


ACROSS

DOWN

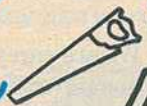


2



THE DAREDEVIL DUCKS

Dear Farnum and Haley:

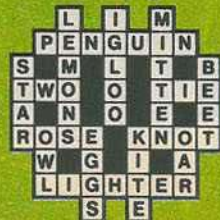
We  in the  to you
 R looking  in your . We  2

like 2 travel by  and C  the
 across the  you mention!

1 derful sights to  and ride a 
 walk a tight  and play a
 back!  roller  and do magic
 AIA on a  ese and do magic

tricks! If you should need any 1 else,
 our Uncle  dive off a platform
 5 hundred feet high in 2 a
 of ! your future☆☆☆
 Huey, Dewey, and Louie

DEWEY'S CROSSWORD
 PUZZLE page 46



Gateway To Next



RANGER WOODLORE Join the Little Ranger as he journeys through the coral reefs and meets their many colorful tenants.



FORT POINT Where can you find a fortress that has never fired a shot, even though it guards one of the world's great harbors? In San Francisco, of course!

MICKEY AND THE SLEUTH
Zounds! The Bank of London hires a new janitor, with dire consequences. Can even the great Sleuth save the day?



PINOCCHIO Will Pinocchio and his friends be in time to rescue Geppetto? Find out next month.

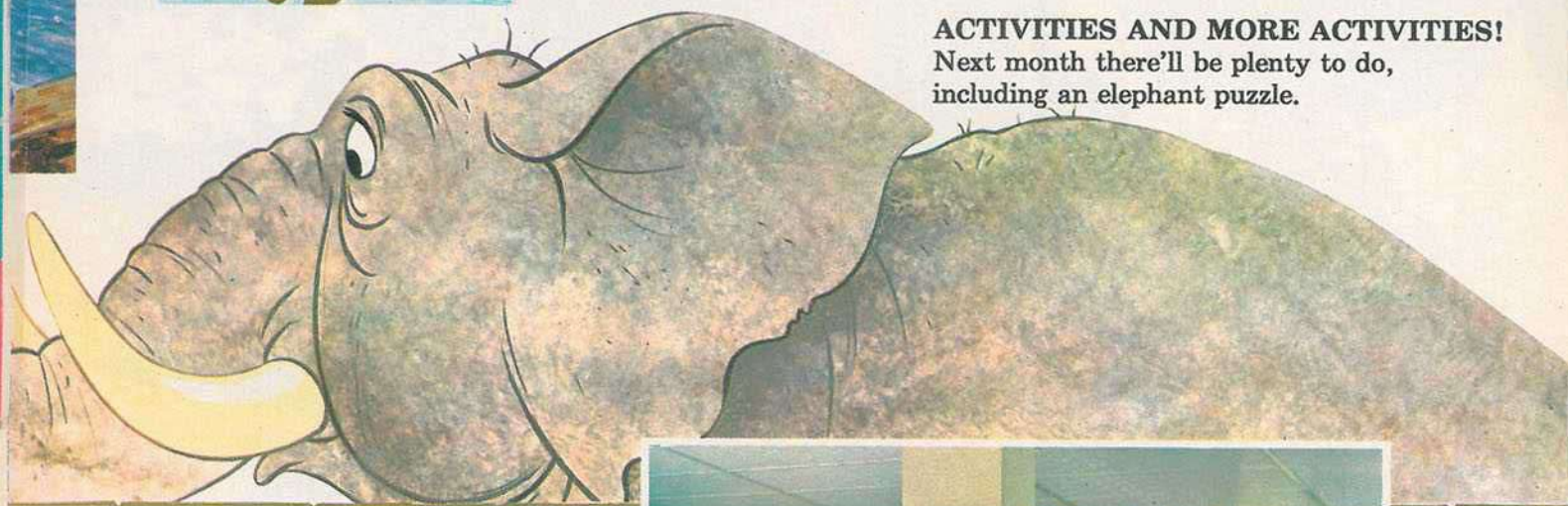
Month

GROUCHO MARX You'll have to laugh as Groucho, irrepressible as ever, recalls some of his early experiences. Find out first-hand what it was like to be one of the Marx Brothers.



HOW TO DRAW MICKEY Mickey Mouse was Disney's first big star, but he can be a tricky fellow to sketch. Follow our few simple hints, and you'll begin to draw Mickey like a pro.

ACTIVITIES AND MORE ACTIVITIES! Next month there'll be plenty to do, including an elephant puzzle.



Be sure to note that in our next magazine we're combining our November and December issues into one issue which will appear around the beginning of November. You can get it **FREE** when you purchase one 33 oz. bottle of Downy fabric softener.

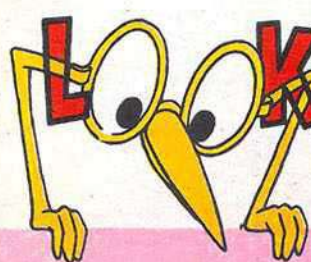


ALICE in WONDERLAND'S

TO READ THIS STORY,
JUST HOLD IT UP TO
YOUR MIRROR AT
HOME!

AND
START
HERE!

LOOKING GLASS STORY



OF COURSE!
JUST TAKE A BITE
OF MY MUSHROOM,
AND UP YOU'LL GROW!



ALICE! IT'S YOU
AGAIN, OLD FRIEND!
AND YOU'RE ONLY 3
INCHES HIGH!

YES, SIR...
BUT I'D
CERTAINLY
LIKE TO BE
MY NORMAL
HEIGHT!

